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M O N T H L Y

SEPTEMBER



17<sup>th</sup> *National Convention*  
ST. LOUIS *September*  
23-26

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# I'll Soon be FORTY-ONE

By John Black

WE WERE sunning ourselves on the float, about a hundred feet from shore. It was early in the forenoon of a hot August day. The beach was still deserted, which left the lifeguard to his own devices, and he passed the time alternately swimming and relaxing on the raft.

We chatted for a while on the technique of swimming, and such topics. Then, by gradual stages, the conversation became philosophical and personal. The lifeguard made a remark which set me off on a long train of thought. We had been discussing ages, and I mentioned the approach of my forty-first birthday. He didn't answer right away. Instead he stood up straight and took a beautiful dive. He was nineteen, built like an ox, and—it goes without saying—an excellent swimmer.

Soon he climbed back, dripping wet, on the float. He was still musing over my remark about being nearly forty-one.

"You're old, aren't you?" he said, thoughtfully.

I don't remember what I answered, and anyway it isn't important. What is important, is the idea of a man being old at forty-one. It was a new thought to me, and it provoked all kinds of reflections. Old at forty-one? Great guns, that was startling! And I began to wonder. I hadn't felt old—until he mentioned it. Indeed, the fact is, I had been looking forward to my birthday with a good deal of zest. Now I found myself regarding the event with uncertainty. After all, perhaps this nineteen-year-old was right. Perhaps I should await my birthday with dread and terror. Perhaps I should feel crushed with the burden of years. Perhaps I ought to be looking around for a nice cemetery.

Well, if the lifeguard was right—then certainly I've got a lot of mental readjusting to do. Because, to tell the truth, my views have been exactly opposite. Old at forty-one! Rubbish! Why, I have only just begun to live. I have just reached the point where I can capitalize on the things I have learned. Brave words. Maybe I'm



Illustration by Grattan Condon

just whistling in the dark. Let us see.

I'm going to take inventory for a while, and reach my own conclusions. Those seventeen years since the war have whirled by so fast, it is only when I pause to examine them, that they show up in their true light. Seventeen years! And how they did rush along! Financially speaking, they had counted for quite a bit—the early ones. But I never was one to count money the main objective. There are other aspects. Physical health is one. What do the records show on that score? Frankly, I had never given health a thought until I found myself in a badly run-down condition along about 1925.

I was then thirty-one. All the usual symptoms of exhaustion appeared. My profession, newspaper work, is nerve-wracking at best, and I now found myself facing a problem that demanded a prompt solution. I saw various doctors, and finally one of them put me on the right track. He recommended outdoor exercise. So it came about that, at thirty-two—the age when most other men start to neglect their bodies—I was starting to develop mine. And what a splendid awakening that was! A new

world opened to me. I learned to swim, ride horses, row a boat.

But what has this to do with being forty-one? Everything, as events proved. I ceased being a bookworm and turned to sport. Swimming gave me a new slant on life, a new philosophy. Incidentally, I found myself with an entirely new type of people. These were young-minded people—young-minded and young-bodied. There's nothing on earth better than sun and salt water to clear the brain. It makes for alert thinking. Which, in turn, puts a very different complexion on this business of being forty-one. It's not a matter of dodging the years—rather it's a matter of getting the most out of them. I'll be forty-one soon; nine years after that I'll be fifty. Well, the one major rule is to keep a youthful mind. And the surest way to a youthful mind is through a sturdy body.

I've (Continued on page 39)

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

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## SIX WEEKS AHEAD—THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

THEY are coming by Mississippi River steamboat, up from the Southland past Baton Rouge, Natchez, Memphis and Cairo. They are coming in trans-continental air liners, looking down from the skies upon the wheatlands and the cornlands of the Middle West. They are coming in gleaming streamlined trains, faster than rail passengers ever traveled in other years. They are coming in giant Greyhound buses, unparallelled for speed and luxury in 1935. And they are coming, by tens of thousands, in automobiles, far travelers in a far- and fast-traveling age. They are all coming to St. Louis between September 23d and 26th for the home-coming national convention of the Legion. It's a convention you'll want to see and remember.

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# TRACK SLOW

*IT'S Always Fair Weather When  
Good Ponies Get Together—Even  
If They Just Walk*

*by*  
*William A. Erskine*

*Illustrations by*  
*Paul Brown*

**B**LUE BONNETS. Thistledown. Latonia. New Orleans. For years the arrival of that inseparable pair, Skeeter Bice and his associate the Professor, at any of these points was an omen to the small shopkeepers to brush off their shelves and to clean the cobwebs out of the corners of their windows. For the same job that the long V of honking geese once did for the sun Skeeter and the Professor now carried on for the horses. When they arrived the races were not far behind.

It was funny, the friendship between these two men. Skeeter was small, industrious, jovial—had once been a jockey and was now a successful handler of horses. The Professor was tall, indolent, solemn. He had once been with a medicine show, but now ran what he called a confidential advisory service—some people had another name for it. He was called the Professor by his intimates because of his owlish expression and his mildly protuberant forehead.

But now something had happened that threatened to cleave this camaraderie of the tracks. For while campaigning through Ohio the past summer Skeeter had fallen in love. The girl, Janice King, was a bookkeeper for a fish firm in Sandusky, and Skeeter had met her on a Sunday excursion boat. You could easily understand why Skeeter had fallen in love with her. Janice was so young, so slim, so supple, and with such a wistful look in her eyes that young men were naturally imbued with the desire to protect her. But why Janice had fallen for Skeeter was a mystery. He was thirty-five, with a tendency toward obesity and a skin hardened by the sun and wind to the color of a nice new half-sole. Perhaps it was the mother instinct, for all habitués of the racetrack are mere boys at heart.

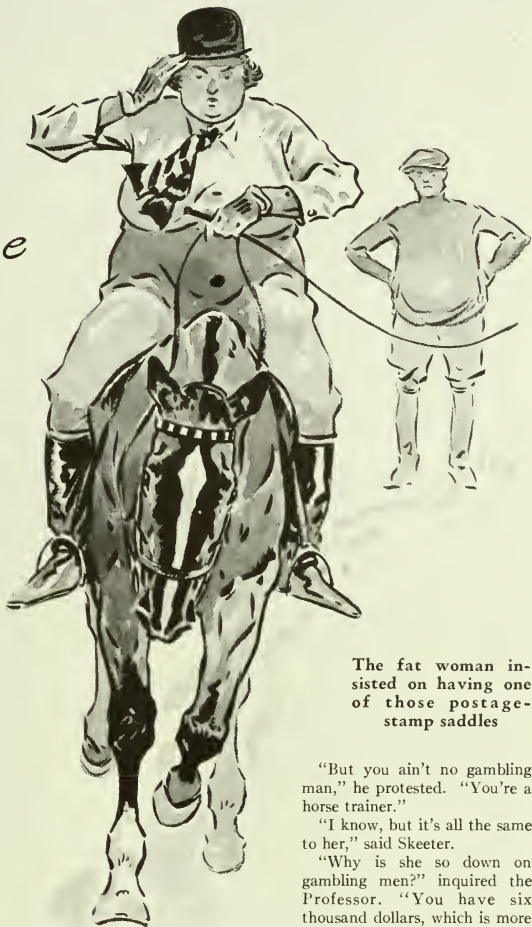
Their romance had flourished week ends while Skeeter was at Thistledown, and later, with the assistance of the Post Office Department, from points farther south. Finally, from New Orleans, Skeeter had proposed.

Now he sat in a little restaurant in the French quarter with her reply in his hand, almost afraid to read it.

"What does she say?" asked the Professor nervously from the opposite side of the table.

"She says she ain't never going to marry a gambling man," replied the Professor, sadly folding the letter.

The Professor was cheered, but he couldn't help sympathizing with his friend.



The fat woman insisted on having one of those postage-stamp saddles

"But you ain't no gambling man," he protested. "You're a horse trainer."

"I know, but it's all the same to her," said Skeeter.

"Why is she so down on gambling men?" inquired the Professor. "You have six thousand dollars, which is more than a lot of guys have got."

"I told her about that too," said Skeeter sadly, "but she reminded me that last fall I was at Latonia and didn't have a dime.

Besides, her daddy was a gambling man and he jumped out of a four-story window in 1920."

"I see," said the Professor thoughtfully. Then his eyes brightened. "You could live in a bungalow," he said.

Skeeter laughed and shook his head.

"It's no use," he said. "I'm going to give up this racket."

"But you can't give up horses," protested the Professor.

"You won't be happy."

"There must be other kinds of horses besides these gee-gees around here," replied Skeeter. "And I'll be happy. Here, take this stop watch. I won't need it any more."

The Professor shook his head. "If you're going, I'm going," he declared. "I've been with you for fifteen years and I'm not going to quit now."

"You can't do that," said Skeeter. "I have to make my girl believe that I'm through with everything connected with the racetrack. And if you were along, she would suspect—"

"I see," said the Professor slowly. "She don't like me."

"It's not that," protested Skeeter. "It's simply that I have to make a new start. As soon as I get a regular job somewhere I'll send for you."

The Professor's face brightened. "Oke," he said. "And I'll come. Even if it's work. I'm getting kinda tired the way the cops treat a guy around these tracks."

To one accustomed to migrating south in the winter, Sandusky in mid-December, with the chilling winds blowing in across the bay, was quite an ordeal. But determined to see the thing through, Skeeter bought some heavy clothes and started looking for a job.

"The only trouble," he confided to Janice, "is that I don't know anything but horses, and nobody here has any horses."

"Somebody must have," insisted the girl. "Have you tried the breweries? I can remember seeing their big teams when I was a little girl. They even had a song about them."

The next day Skeeter faithfully visited the breweries.

"Well, what luck?" Janice asked him that night.

"Can't tell you yet," said Skeeter. Then, spying a newsboy, he bought a paper and hurriedly turned to the race results.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "I've got a job."

"Yes?" asked Janice eagerly. "But how do you tell from that?"

Skeeter's finger pointed to the results of the fourth race at Hialeah Park.

"Bill Russo, the boss out at the brewery, was an old army buddy of mine," he explained. "They don't have no horses no more but he promised me a job on a truck if I could pick him a winner in today's races. I gave him Dancin' Lady, and look what she did. Beat her field by two lengths."

"It sounds like gambling," said Janice. "But I suppose the job is the important thing now."

"Of course," chirped Skeeter. "Now we can be married and everything. Let's celebrate."

"Wait a minute," laughed Janice. "You haven't even started to work yet."

She hated to be a kill-joy, but subsequent events proved the wisdom of her course. For on the following night Skeeter appeared very dejected.

"How did the job go?" asked Janice, trying to appear cheerful, although she suspected the worst.

"Rotten," replied Skeeter. "I quit."

"You what?"

"Quit," repeated Skeeter, like an obstinate child.

"Why? Was the work too heavy?" asked Janice, quick to sympathize.

"Oh, the work was all right. But they have a clock out there that drives me nuts."

"A clock!" exclaimed Janice.

"Sure," replied Skeeter. "In the morning they give you a card and every time you go in or out you have to put the card in a clock and press a lever. It goes plink and marks the time. I've been making my own living for twenty years and no one ever

asked me to do that before. Plink, plink, plink, all day. That thing made me sick."

"But you don't understand," explained Janice. "All industries have those."

"Maybe they do," said Skeeter, "but I crawled out of a shell hole and dragged Bill Russo back in one time when machine-gun bullets were thicker than rain. If I'd stopped to see what time it was first he would have been as full of holes as that card I punched today. Yet for fear I'll steal a minute or so on him he has to have me checked by a clock. I wish I'd let the Heinies plug him."

Skeeter's next job was at a riding academy.

"This is swell," he confided to Janice. "We've got some pretty nice horses out there. Only some of the people that ride them give me an awful pain."

"You must not be too critical," admonished Janice. "Remember that everyone has not had the opportunities to learn to ride that you have."

"It's not that," replied Skeeter, "but they stand around and talk as if they were raised on a horse and then act dumb."

"For instance?" smiled the girl.

"Well, today a big fat lady came out to take a ride through the park. She wasn't going to make speed, she would probably fall off if the horse went faster than a walk, but she insisted on using one of those postage-stamp saddles. I tried to tell her that those little saddles were meant for racing where a little bit of extra weight makes a lot of difference—that out West where men practically live on a horse they use a big cushioned saddle. It's more comfortable and it's easier on the horse. Better distribution of weight, you know. But no, that wouldn't be stylish. The sight of some of those people on a horse must even make the horse laugh."

**B**UT the job lasted Skeeter almost a month. Then a couple from the town's younger set rented horses for an afternoon ride. When they returned the flanks of both horses were covered with great white rings of dried sweat.

"You shouldn't have done that," said Skeeter coldly as they dismounted.

The girl flushed and the boy turned angrily toward Skeeter.

"Done what?" he snapped.

Skeeter nodded toward the horses.

"Oh, we just had a little chase," said the boy, "and then we let them cool off. Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"There's nothing wrong with racing a horse if you bring him in where we can cool him down slowly," said Skeeter. "And there's nothing wrong with making love as far as I know. But anyone who would get a horse all hot and then tie him to a tree while they pursued some other pastime ought to be whipped."

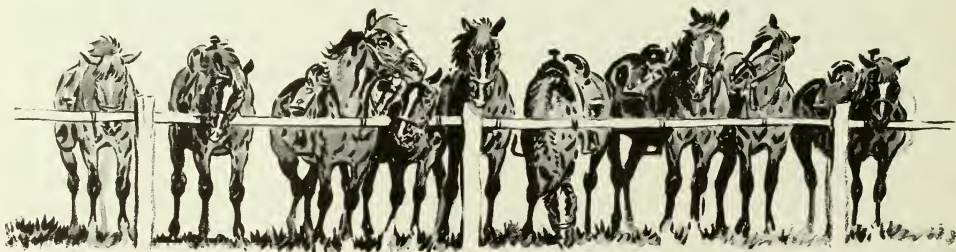
The boy made some smart reply and a threatening gesture, so Skeeter, in spite of his diminutive size, almost tore him to pieces. Of course he was fired immediately, but he wouldn't leave until he had nursed one of the horses through an attack of fever brought on by the abuse.

"I guess I'm just a misfit," he confided to Janice.

"Of course you're not," she encouraged. "You'll find something yet."

"No," insisted Skeeter. "I'm going back to the race-track where I at least know what it's all about."

"You can't," said Janice. "I'm so used to mothering you now





The tall fellow made a smart reply and Skeeter tore into him

that I couldn't get along without you. Are you sure it's the horses and not the gambling that's pulling you back?"

"I never even think about gambling," said Skeeter, "and there are a dozen bookie joints in this town if I did."

"Well, then, it's as good as settled," said the girl. "You're going into business?"

"What business?"

"Never mind now," replied Janice. "I have to see a man in the morning. It's a secret."

FROM the start the new business was a success. In three months Janice and Skeeter felt so assured of its future that they were married. By the next summer it had grown until Skeeter decided that he needed the Professor to help him.

"Come at once," he wired. "I am training a string of eight."

On receipt of the wire the Professor, who was in Montreal, got the first train south. He arrived in Sandusky on a Saturday afternoon. Janice was waiting at the station.

"Skeeter was sorry he couldn't meet you," she explained, "but this is his busy day."

"Sure, Saturday afternoon," agreed the Professor. "But how's the kid doing?"

"Swell," smiled Janice. "Do you want me to drive you out to the park to see him?"

"That would be fine," said the Professor. "I'm anxious to see that string he's been talking about."

They were silent most of the way to the park. "I hope you won't be disappointed," said Janice as they alighted from the car.

"Disappointed. Not me," said the Professor. "I ain't expecting no Twenty Grand. But where's Skeeter? This is an am—"

"Sure," replied Janice. "And there he is." She pointed to where some children were riding Shetland ponies slowly around a little track.

Just then Skeeter spied them, and rushing over, grasped the Professor's hand.

"Just in time," he chirped. "I'm rushed to death. It's a great thrill teaching these kids to ride. And it won't be long before we have one of our own out there," he added as Janice blushed. The Professor, amazed at it all, stood silent.

"Well, what do you think of them, Prof?" asked Skeeter. "Look at that little black filly. I call her Regret."

"Sure, I remember Regret," said the Professor. "But she sure has shrunk since the day we watched her win the Derby."

Skeeter laughed. "Well, what do you say? Will you help me?"

"I suppose so," said the Professor sadly. "But I regret I'm not a dwarf. I'd feel more at home."

But in a few minutes he was busy taking tickets and hollering at the top of his voice: "Who'll be the next to ride Man o' War? The thrill of a lifetime for ten cents!"

He was very dusty and very tired when the park finally closed. He hadn't worked so hard in years. Janice put her hand on his arm and pulled him to one side as Skeeter closed up for the night.

"Do you think I did right?" she asked nervously.

"I don't quite understand," replied the Professor, mystified.

"Oh, tying him down in a place like this," said the girl. "I realize it hasn't got the glamor and excitement that he's used to."

"It isn't Churchill Downs," admitted the Professor, somewhat at a loss for something to say.

"But after all they are horses and they do go around a track," said the girl. "And I so desperately want him to be happy."

The Professor patted her hand reassuringly.

"Of course they're horses," he said. "And of course you did right. Skeeter has never been so happy. He needs you and there are a lot worse jobs with horses than he might be doing—"

And as Janice smiled and turned happily toward her husband the Professor added sadly to himself: "He might run a merry-go-round."

# That Next “LAST WAR”

By Wythe Williams

WHERE will the next “last war” begin? This question causes vampires to haunt the dreams of European statesmen these nights, just as much as the question, when will it begin? That it will begin is now definitely prevailing opinion, inasmuch as the present peace rests upon such feeble stanchions as uncertainty and fear.

Several years before the World War the military leaders of the armies later known as the Allies all declared that “the attack will be made through Belgium.” Although the Entente Powers extended themselves to provide against that probability, it did indeed come through Belgium—sudden and direct, and within an inch of victory.

This time, provided the present authorities are correct in believing that a new war in Europe is inevitable, the attack will *not* come through Belgium. Neither will it be directed at any point on the frontier of France. At least this is today the considered opinion of the French General Staff, which undoubtedly has the means to keep itself as well if not better informed than anybody.

When the war will begin is of course a matter of guesswork unless, perhaps, the date is enveloped in the word *soon*. Again presenting the opinion of the French experts, hostilities will not begin this year unless some unexpected incident occurs, but the year 1936, especially the spring of that year is dangerous, and the year 1937 even more so.

Today the French are not so worried as they were last January when they genuinely feared that the attack might be made in 1935. Since then the famous *deuxieme bureau* or intelligence section of the General Staff, otherwise known as the Spy office, has worked overtime and succeeded in ferreting out many details of the military preparations beyond the frontiers of the republic. Now it is felt that while perhaps Herr Hitler might be ready to sound the trumpets and beat the drums of war, the Reichswehr is not willing, for the good and sufficient reason that it is *not sufficiently ready*.

The Reichswehr, that highly efficient modern army, created since the Treaty of Versailles, is something like a wise old lady biding her time. The Reichswehr especially since recent political developments have brought France closer to Britain, knows better than to hurl itself now against that great barrier of steel that lines the west bank of the Rhine. And the Reichswehr more than Herr Hitler is now the real ruler of the Reich.

In Paris it is felt that the next war is in abeyance at least until next spring, barring accident, and even then it may not begin provided Germany is still able to stave off economic chaos and meanwhile continue her present preparations during another full year. Even so it is felt that it may not start as the direct result of any *major* happening. Such matters always are too well placarded and thereby safeguarded in advance to cause the “overt act” that will again embroil the old continent in war. More probably the conflict will result, after a cumulation of troubles, from some minor frontier incident (staged, possibly) or perhaps another assassination of a sufficiently important person—provided the killing is done in the right town. The death of King Alexander of Yugoslavia would have been a strong provocation for war, except that he was shot in the wrong town, Marseilles, and with him the Foreign Minister of the state that was then his

host. But outside France several places might have been chosen so that the armies of Europe could have clashed long before now. However, we leave the date and return to the question of where the main attack may be launched, after the exchange of notes and last hour efforts for peace—if time is allowed for such solemn formalities.

That *deuxieme bureau* of the French General Staff naturally pays its greatest attention to the power across the Rhine that again demands her place in the sun—to have and to hold—in terms clearly understandable.

It has been said often that peace between France and Germany never can long exist unless they can decide upon a common enemy. Now, as usual, no common enemy seems findable. Therefore spy reports come daily to the war ministries of Berlin and Paris, and these in turn filter into the Chancelleries of Foreign Affairs in the Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d’Orsay. Bit by bit plans indicated in these reports reach the world, just as long prior to 1914 came the true news that the Germans would first march through Belgium. As a result of this dealing of information French officialdom now almost openly considers what it believes is the new plan of German attack and her initial program of war.

In order to complete her re-armament, which today proceeds at a cadence without precedent, Germany appears condemned to a financial policy tending not only toward internal bankruptcy, but what is more important, toward an external blockade. With a commercial deficit the Reich knows that soon it will be impossible to obtain the credits indispensable for purchasing raw materials that inevitably she will need. With her foreign credit destroyed, she fully realizes that her next step must be a swift and strong stroke of arms. This attitude presupposes her conviction that the next war will be of short duration.

When one examines closely the present attitude of Germany one feels that it is a great mystery, unless one takes into account the hypothesis of war. But when one accepts this supposition,

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THIS time the German thrust will not be through Belgium, this veteran student of the tangled politics of Europe declares. Memel, Prague, Turin and Milan will be the first to feel the might of the Reich’s sea, land and air forces—and by 1937 at the latest

---

then everything within the confines of the Reich co-ordinates with regularity.

The French experts are convinced that the German menace is not now directed to the West of Europe, or against the French frontier. To support this belief they cite the favorable attitude shown by Germany to the air pact recently proposed by the British Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon, which Berlin now



seems inclined to sign. Also the German press declarations that the new Franco-Russian accord is not too displeasing inasmuch as it does not interfere with the Locarno agreement.

Germany now understands that it was England and the United States that finally conquered her in 1918. Therefore, her present political maneuver is to profit from what she believes is the present apathy of these Powers, and thus divide her eventual adversaries.

She expects to realize her world supremacy—she is not thinking of Europe alone—in two stages, as now foreseen by the high

authorities of the usually well-informed French General Staff.

The first is exclusively East and Southeast in character. The Reich will do all in her power not to disturb France, at the outset. She fully realizes that England now considers France as a part of the buffer for herself against foreign aggression. The French workmanship in the production of war materials is far advanced and adaptable to actual circumstances. This is another reason in the mind of England for linking France with Belgium and Holland as the strongest sector of her own ramparts. The second stage forms another story.

(Continued on page 52)

# The SOUL of OUR

By Irving



I HAVE lived about half way through the life of this republic of the United States. Democracy and I have had a chance to get fairly well acquainted with each other.

I take off my hat to democracy but its children have been misbehaving. Some of them have said that democracy is a failure. They are like a bad boy that has had a spanking. The fact is we have failed—not democracy. We have failed because we have not lived up to its ideals. Democracy is for a decent, law-abiding people—the kind of people we were before we lost a correct sense of values. A democracy involves a wide extension of credit. It trusts the average man. If he is not to be trusted it will soon or late be threatened with bankruptcy. We need every help possible to keep our credit good.

I have no brief for religion. I discuss it coldly as a political proposition. I am one of the crowd looking for light and I am none too good for this vale of tears. I like it and I hate to see the tears increasing. Here is a stubborn fact. Religion was the main part of the foundation of our democracy. The heavy timbers in the structure were hewn from the tree of faith—faith in the voter, in the court, in work and the right to work unmolested, and finally in the Commander of our Army, in our President and law makers. The church, assisted by the schoolmaster, the town meeting and the General Court, was undoubtedly the source of this faith. Not Sundays only but every day it was building up in men, women and children a discerning spirit that felt the difference between right and wrong, a sense of responsibility to a Supreme Being and to their fellow men. We may like all that or we may not but the fact remains that with it we performed miracles. We defeated the purpose of England to overthrow our structure. We prospered and built up a commanding civilization.

Rabbi Wise is right in his assertion that our great problem to-day is not democracy or—that there is no or for us. He rightly declares that we must impart to the young an undying passion for democracy and that its mainstay is religion.

In the middle eighties I saw a deplorable casting out. The public schools and three hundred and eleven colleges rejected religion as unworthy of their attention. It was like an ungrateful son throwing his father out of doors.

The colleges had compromised on ethics—a long step toward paganism for the ethics of today is no better than that of Aristotle and Socrates. When the French aristocracy, content with ethics, put away its religion it descended into an abyss of satanic depravity.

We were achieving a wealth unparalleled in history. Our spirit had been corrupted. We were money-mad. Many of the young were no longer thinking chiefly of the rostrum, the affairs of state or the learned professions but of the rewards of salesmanship, which were very great.

We were strong for the protection of our industries. What we needed most was protection for our ideals. We allowed European thought to flood our country. It was frankly atheistic, socialistic and communistic. About every other boy had to go to Europe to finish his education. As to the spirit of continental Europe was it not frankly that of Napoleon Bonaparte and Frederick the Great?

If you see what you want get it when you're strong enough and the opportunity arrives.

It was vividly brought to my mind one day. I had been fishing on the Gaspé peninsula with A. Barton Hepburn—the leading banker of my time. We came down the St.

Decoration by

# DEMOCRACY

*Bachelor*

John River, to go home, on the Fourth of July, 1914. We had fished the pools on some twenty miles of the river. The day was fair and warm and the sun was low when we got to the landing. A team was waiting for us. Its driver had a package of mail for Mr. Hepburn. It included a bundle of New York newspapers. He opened it and read the black headlines that announced the assassinations at Sarajevo.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "That means a world war!"

"A world war?" I queried.

"Yes. The greed of a few men may even ruin this world we live in."

He had a knowledge of the great powder mountain in Europe and the fire traveling toward it of which I was wholly ignorant.

The power had been acquired, as they thought, and the opportunity had arrived for a number of crowned bandits. Yet our best people had long been worshiping crowned heads and court circles. Most of the crowns have been flung into the garbage heap of fallen empires and the court circles have scattered trying to marry a living or earn it. Some of those grand ladies are now patching papa's pants.

"We have been convinced that European ideals are not so hot," a well known business man said to me. "They do not even believe in returning money loaned to save their lives. We may not like their ideals but they've put 'em over on us. For two generations our European college professors have been shoving them into the minds of our boys and girls, and the worst thing they gave us was atheism. It's poison to a democracy."

I remember reading long ago an article by Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins, in which he said that Christianity was the soul of democracy because it taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man each with equal rights.

We blame the motor car for the empty pews in our churches but for the main cause we must look further, namely to a deep change in the spirit of our people.

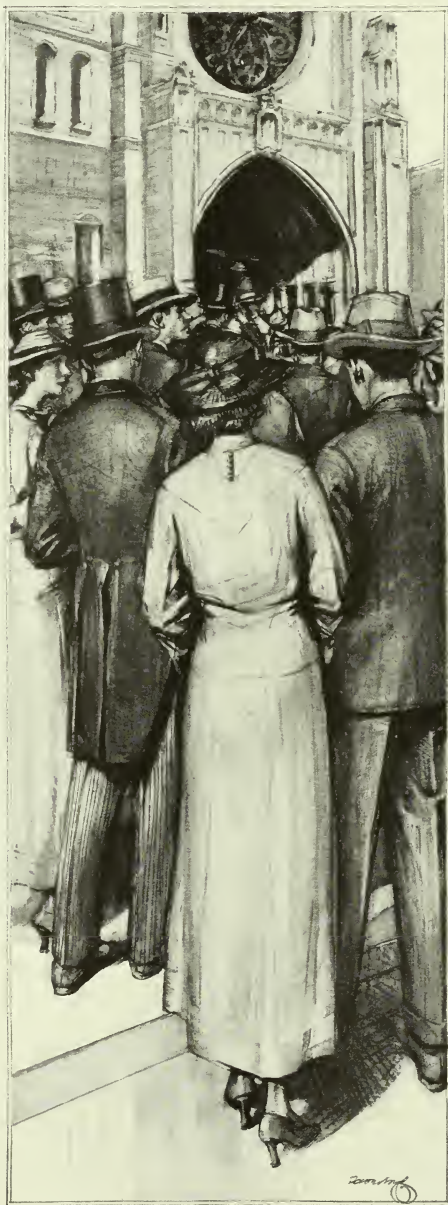
In the early eighties our country had begun to feel the effect of the importation of European thinking. Now atheism was a bit of patrician thought. It had been spreading under the surface of our life. The young had got it probably in the colleges.

George William Curtis who occupied the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine* reflected his uneasiness when he wrote of the controversy so much in evidence between the skeptic and the believer.

The brilliant Colonel Ingersoll had seen his opportunity and had begun hammering at the foundation of the church at \$500 a night. He had become a fashionable diversion. He was a real orator. His captivating imagery and wit were a joy to the young.

I met him first when I was a rather timid cub reporter. I was to ask him for his view of our policy of protection. He answered with an erotic story, the point of which was underscored with violent profanity. I got nothing fit to print but I got an impression of this big, jovial man that I could not forget. I began to read his lectures and was eager to hear him on the platform.

It was in 1884 that I went to a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club where the right of religion to life, liberty and the pursuit of the young was to be considered. The brilliant Colonel Ingersoll was to appear for the prosecution and Frederic R. Coudert—a well known lawyer—for the defense. The colonel made a witty attack on the church and its Deity. He scoffed at the fear of a cruel and divine ruler. Fear was a base, unworthy (Continued on page 40)



*Harry Townsend*

# A CAREER on the SEVEN SEAS

By  
Willard Cooper

ONE time or another, every boy decides to become a sailor. This aspiration is almost an instinct. Few of us ever outgrow it. A fellow may become a banker or a bartender, but over his bills or his bottles he's apt to moon sadly, now and then, on account of the great frustration that kept him from being a sailor. Not even fulfillment will always cure a man of the ambition to be a sailor.

Boys being boys, as occurs practically every time, the rising generation today seems just as anxious to go to sea as the more or less risen generation used to be at the same age. Parents being parents, the ambition sometimes is discouraged. Unfortunately, parents sometimes have delusions about the sea. They visualize the life of the seafarer as a succession of murky fo'c'stles from which the occupants emerge at intervals for back-breaking labor on deck or for soul-searing experiences ashore. This view is inaccurate. It is unfair. The boy who goes to sea may carve a career out of the rolling wave. Here is the romance he anticipates, but here also is reward. Here are opportunities. This is being written for the benefit of the boys (and their fathers) who want opportunity as well as adventure, reward as well as romance.

Unfortunately, the maximum of opportunity at sea in the merchant service right now is vouchsafed principally to boys who are natives of, or the resident sons of citizens of, only four States. The States are (alphabetically, to hurt no feelings) California, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. To each of these States the Navy lends a school ship. For about \$200 a year each State gives boys a two-year course in nautical training. The boys are graduated as third mates or third assistant engineers—are licensed automatically upon graduation, and it is almost unknown that a licensed school-ship graduate fails to get a berth. Since New York, which accepts boys from other States, charges about \$750 a year for their training, the advantage of being a resident of one of the four States mentioned is apparent—especially if you are a father whose son wants to become a mariner.

There's not much difference between the schools either—although some of the schools may resent the remark. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania boys may go for cruises under sail as well as in steam, but the New York and California lads, depending on their modern turbines exclusively, will look and act like the others. A boy aboard the bark *Nantucket*, crumbing up for a Saturday night in Boston, may take a bawth, and a boy aboard the ex-navy freighter *California State* may roll his r's a bit, but they walk with the same sprightly gait, they have learned approximately the same things, they are entirely liable to wind up as masters of sister ships in the trans-oceanic service.

Because resemblances are so much more numerous, so much more striking, than any differences between the schools or their faculties or their teachings, I'm going to omit most of the differences and stick to the resemblances. For further information, simply write to the New York Merchant Marine Academy, SS.

*Empire State*, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, or the Massachusetts Nautical School, SS. *Nantucket*, Navy Yard, Boston, or the Pennsylvania State Nautical School, SS. *Annapolis*, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, or the California Nautical School, SS. *California State*, Marin County, California.

I've met graduates from all the schools, I've corresponded with all the schools, I've seen three of the four ships, but the principal differences are the riggings of the ships. There isn't even any material difference in the number of demerits a cadet will get if he doesn't keep his bed clothes immaculate. A *Nantucket* or *Annapolis* (a schooner) cadet may sleep in a hammock, an *Empire State* (ex-navy freighter) or *California State* cadet in a double-deck berth, but they'll all sleep soundly. They'll sleep like one boy, barring difference in time.

So let's take a look at this boy. Not when he's asleep, but while he's standing on the quarter deck, being inspected before



Sail drill aboard the schoolship *Nantucket*, on which Massachusetts boys get their training for jobs as ship's officers in the merchant marine. Opposite page, "Toss Oars"



The first thing you'll observe, after the uniform, is that our cadet looks freshly scrubbed. He looks as if he had scrubbed himself for the joy of scrubbing, too. Insane though it may sound, he looks as if he'd be just as neat even if not at the moment subjected to the merciless scrutiny of a cadet officer of the watch, backed by the more impersonal but no less searching scrutiny of a ship's officer—a member of the faculty. The cadet's features will be regular and tanned. He will be about five feet ten inches tall and rather slim than otherwise, but healthy as a running hound. He has lost some of the quarterback slouch he had when he came aboard a year or so ago. He looks self-reliant, self-respecting.

He is a high school graduate—possibly from an inland town. In Massachusetts, although half of the Commonwealth's 4,250,000 people live within ten or fifteen miles of Boston Harbor, the majority of cadets seem to come from inland towns. In school, his marks were fairly good. In mathematics, he was very good, and he was no slouch at English or American history. Whether he got his appointment in New York, where the applications are judged according to a formula (ascertaining scholarship, aptitude, appearance and other qualities) prepared by the Carnegie Educational Foundation, or in Massachusetts, where he took a competitive exam-

he shoves off for a week-end (Saturday noon to Sunday night) liberty.

He is wearing his dress-blue uniform—modeled after the naval uniform for commissioned officers, except for the insignia of rank. Only upper-classmen (first and second-classmen, meaning boys with only six months or a year left before graduation) wear gold stripes. These will be thin, and high on the arm, worn in the style of the Naval Academy. Here and there a cadet officer or petty officer may wear an anchor or a propeller, denoting his lofty status. Aboard the *Nantucket* these insignia are not numerous, and the cadet uniform is after the pre-war style of the Navy, with a military collar and a fly front, but the idea is the same, everywhere.

in, or in another State, the appointment was for merit, for potential ability as a mariner. Each school trains about one hundred boys at a time in classes of about twenty-five admitted every six months, and there are about one hundred applications every six months for the average school. So you see the schools have a wide range of choice. Mostly, they choose according to the boys' demonstrated scholarship.

When our boy came aboard, he probably played football, baseball or basketball, or maybe everything, for his high school. But chances are his mother was dissatisfied with his appetite. She's entirely satisfied now, and maybe sighs over the grocer's bill after he's had a week-end liberty at home. When he came aboard his vocabulary was limited. He cherished a (Continued on page 50)

BY KARL  
DETZER

# MURDER

## *Synopsis of Part One*

SERGEANT STEVE MOYNIHAN of the D. C. I. arrives in Pontobac on the heels of Corporal George Braun, deserter and confidence man, whom he has been trailing for more than three weeks.

At the inn he learns from Hortense the waitress that there are three Americans registered. One is Major Bulger, who has been here for three weeks disposing of the rest of the supplies left in an American Quartermaster warehouse. The second is a young lieutenant, Swanson by name, who has arrived yesterday morning to relieve him, and the third is a corporal, come just last night, who, from the girl's description, Sergeant Moynihan concludes is Corporal Braun.

The other guests in the hotel, which is owned by Papa Rotaud, are a Scottish sea captain named Campbell and a French shoe manufacturer, Pierre, who has lived in the hotel for seven years.

While Major Bulger is awaiting his breakfast in the courtyard of the inn, a junk dealer, named Foulkes, arrives to see him on business. Shortly afterward Bulger is mysteriously killed—stabbed in the back with a bayonet.

In the excitement that follows, Sergeant Moynihan discovers Braun and puts him under arrest. He then brings to the bar room everyone who has been in the house at the time, including Captain Campbell and Monsieur Pierre, whom Moynihan himself rouses from bed. The sergeant tells them that the construction of the inn is such that the murderer could not have escaped from the building, and therefore it is one of those present.

It is Moynihan's opinion that Braun is guilty. But Hortense, the maid, in an effort to clear the corporal, insists that he was kissing her in the upstairs hall at the moment the major screamed. Braun claims, furthermore, that not only was Lieutenant Swanson out of his bedroom just before the murder, but that last night while the corporal was prowling in the lieutenant's room "hunting souvenirs" he saw that Swanson owned a Springfield bayonet similar to that with which Major Bulger was killed.

## *conclusion*

SERGEANT MOYNIHAN turned his back to the murdered body of the major and looked thoughtfully at the woman and the six men at the other end of the room. One of them was guilty . . . there could be no doubt of that. Ten minutes ago he'd have bet his dogtags that he knew which one. Now he was less sure.

He would have to consider them all under suspicion until he found the right one . . . all except Papa Rotaud, perhaps. He felt morally certain that the proprietor had not done it. From the



One of the six was guilty, there could be no doubt about that

way the old man's hands still trembled, he could never have put a bayonet skin-deep into anyone. And besides, he had been hunting the elusive Corporal Braun at the moment; the sergeant was convinced of that.

By all odds, the killer ought to be Braun. He was an habitual criminal; a thief, a skilful liar. His word would be as false as the bogus stripes on his sleeve. Yet he had an alibi. The waitress had come forward at once with it, one which caused her to blush.

When the major screamed, Braun had been kissing her. Of course, Moynihan reflected, the girl's wish that Braun kiss her might have fathered the thought. She fancied the corporal. But one or two things indicated that he fancied her, too. Fancied any woman. It probably wouldn't be the first time in this man's war that Braun took time out to kiss the chambermaid.

# *in* SUNLIGHT



Moynihan beckoned to her. She came reluctantly, glancing at Rotaud first to see if she must. She had round, dull eyes, staring at the sergeant in fright out of a round, plain face. Good enough girl to wait on table here, Moynihan thought; but never very smart. And it took quick, smart thinking to invent an alibi for somebody the very second it was needed.

"How old are you, Hortense?" Moynihan asked.

She avoided his eyes. "Nineteen, sir."

"Old enough not to run around kissing people while there's a murder going on," Moynihan said. "You never *did* take the major his breakfast, did you, Hortense?"

She trembled. "No, sir," she finally answered.

"Why not?" Moynihan demanded. "I saw you fixing it."

"I . . . I . . ." she began to sob again. "I have not had the time. I go to . . . to warn the corporal."

Moynihan glanced at Braun. "The beautiful corporal," he amended. "That's where I figured you went," he said. "You ran

upstairs to tip him off." Her eyes dropped again under his gaze. "Get me a demi of beer, please," he added. "I want it 'fore I'm dead, too."

He turned to Pierre. The shoemaker met the look blandly. There was a certain restraint about him. He was even a kindly looking soul and Moynihan himself had turned him out of a sound sleep at least five minutes after the murder. Like Rotaud, he seemed not to understand exactly what had transpired. Moynihan, observing him, decided to question him alone in a few minutes. He had a hunch . . . his hunches were right usually, too . . . that if this particular witness knew anything which might have led to the murder, he would be the first to tell. Hadn't he stepped in quickly enough when blows threatened between Braun and Swanson?

The girl brought the overflowing beer mug, spilling it as she walked. Moynihan took it and set it aside for later reference. He hadn't really wanted it; he merely wanted a chance to watch

the girl's reactions again. But it gave Captain Campbell an idea and he got up, rubbing his puffy eyes, and went to the bar and poured himself a tumbler of eau-de-vie. He had succeeded in getting into his trousers at last, but he still permitted his suspenders to hang loosely at his sides.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, and wiped his lips. "That is a suckly buv'rage for the usurious price you charge, Papa!"

His eyes swept from Rotaud to the group, but they did not come to rest on the body, Moynihan noticed. The Scot's little red nose stuck out like a red flag from his big, heavy face. The face was shrewd, but it was not that of a murderer particularly . . . if anybody ever did look like a murderer. Moynihan, day by day, was coming to think not.

"How long you been ashore, captain?" he asked.

Rotaud answered briefly, "He is here now the seven whole days, mon sergeant."

"At fifteen francs a day," Campbell snorted belligerently. "Does the pirate guv a discount by the week? He does not!"

"You ought to learn better'n to expect one," Moynihan said. "Sit down, please, sir, there on the bench by the corporal." He stressed the last word. "You, too, Hortense, sit down and be quiet . . . oh, this side, this side, please, beside the captain."

The Scot slumped down with his hands on his knees between Braun and the French girl. Moynihan eyed them. They made a ridiculous picture. Three nationalities, sitting in a row on a bar room bench. A dejected French girl, a defiant American, an indifferent Scot. But no matter how they looked, he had nothing, he realized, not a single thread, to tie any one of them to this crime. Any more than he did to tie Pierre or Rotaud.

That left only the dirty Foulkes and Lieutenant Swanson. Foulkes had fled in terror from the court; Moynihan himself had bumped into him. But the lieutenant, too, had been out of his own room just before the murder . . . at least he had been if Braun were telling the truth for once. But how the devil would one know?

"You've been here in Pontobac only since yesterday, lieutenant?" Moynihan asked.

"Yesterday morning." The lieutenant's voice was hoarse and inclined to be resentful. "Why should I have been sent down to this God-awful hole?"

Moynihan replied, "To help the major, I suppose. Can't say as you did it very successfully."

"Help him? Help him eat his breakfast? How am I to know he's got enemies? Why'm I sent here? He didn't want me. What do I know about salvage? Nothing. No more than you do!"

"I know a lot about salvage, lieutenant," Moynihan said. "No use to get so excited, though. You better fetch your Springfield. Seems there's a question about its bayonet. We got to check everything."

He watched Swanson walk silently from the room and across the corridor into the kitchen. His long legs dragged noticeably. He was probably even younger than he looked. One of these ninety-day wonders, Moynihan thought, who couldn't tell the difference between a shelter half and a box barrage without asking the first good sergeant who happened to be handy. The door to the kitchen stairway slammed.

"You, Foulkes," Moynihan resumed, "you was the last one to speak to the major. What'd you come here to see him about in the first place?"

"Moi?" Foulkes parried. "What do I do? You desire to know, m'sieur?" His tone was reproachful.

"Only reason I asked," Moynihan retorted.

"I 'ad the early appointment with the poor major. I tell you most truthfully, m'sieur, I loved the poor major!"

"We'll let that pass," the sergeant said. "What was the appointment for?"

"Why, to purchase the 'Merican salvage, m'sieur. To purchase that little of it which ees remained."

"Oh," Moynihan said, and nodded. He'd been waiting for someone besides Swanson to mention the salvage. It was bound to come in, since it was the reason the major was here in Pontobac. As a D. C. I. operator, Moynihan had trotted half around France these past few months, checking on big crimes and little, and he had come to the conclusion that a good half of all the trouble could be traced to one of two things, neither of which interested him personally. Salvage and women.

He glanced again at Hortense. Her eyes still were like saucers. He wouldn't be hasty in checking her off the list. He'd seen some funny-looking women who stirred men to murder.

He addressed Foulkes again.

"So you wanted to buy some salvage. Well, every mother's son of you does, I guess. You got any francs, though? Enough to buy salvage?"

"Oh, a very few, m'sieur. Onnerstan, I am not rich like the 'Mericans, but . . ."

"We'll let that pass, too. Just what salvage was left here? Tobacco? Cars?"

"No tobac'," Foulkes shook his head a trifle sadly. "The tobac' ees all purchased at prices no poor man can pay. All the fine leather, too. M'sieur Pierre purchases it for his shoe fabrique." "Oh, you did?" Moynihan turned on him.

Pierre was winding his watch. "But certainly," he replied. It was plain by his manner that Moynihan should have guessed this fact. "I deal in leather for thirty years. I buy eleven carloads of the American leather from Major Bulger. But that arrangement is over several weeks ago. I paid the market price."

"Good leather?" Moynihan inquired.



"Come on, 'fore I kick your spine up out your mouth!" cried the sergeant



Hortense sat close to him, both hands pressed in terror to her face

"Oh, most excellent, m'sieur. I have no complaint. The leather makes the finest of shoes. The price was entirely what you call decent. Not exorbitant at all." He looked disapprovingly at Foulkes.

"Go on, then," Moynihan directed Foulkes. "You were here to see about buying some junk. Not tobacco, not leather. What was it?"

"The what-you-call condiment cans."

"The hell you say!" Moynihan's surprise was genuine. "Well, who in the world would want condiment cans? What you plan to do with them?"

"Why, sell them, m'sieur. To the American tourists who will soon be coming here again."

"I shall warn them away," Moynihan threatened. "What else?"

"The eight t'ousand pair of shoes."

"Ah." Moynihan nodded this time. Perhaps here was something worth while. "And the major wouldn't sell them at your price?"

"Oh, to the opposite, m'sieur. We are agreed on the price. I tell him I pay twenty good francs the pair. He tells me that ees

fair. We at once sign the agreement. I will pay the 'alf today, the 'alf when the shoes are delivered. I pay 'im the 'alf."

"You do? Pay him today?"

"Certainement. Eighty t'ousand francs. He puts eet away safe in his pocket."

"I'll look and see in a minute," Moynihan promised. But he thought to himself, "Signing that agreement explains the fountain pen out there on the table."

"The shoes," Foulkes continued, "he say he will send to me today."

"Where'd you do all this talking?" Moynihan inquired. "Out by the fountain?"

"Non. At the table, there on the paving, m'sieur. He drinks the cognac. A chair, he invites me to 'ave. But the breakfast, he do not come. The major tells me, 'You go see where my breakfast ees. Tell that lazy girl bring me second cognac, vite!' I start back to the bar . . ."

"Leaving him at the table?" Moynihan asked.

Foulkes appeared to think. "No," he decided, "he ees not. He 'as not'ing to eat. He gets up and walks."

"Where to?"

(Continued on page 44)

# The DOCTOR



*IN ANY "next war" will airplanes rain bacterial bombs on hostile cities? Is the Red army likely to spread plagues in the ranks of the Blues? Will the side with the keenest microbe sharpshooters win?*

UNCLE SAM, the war song ran, he had the Infantry, the Cavalry, and the Artillery who would all march to Germany and make Kaiser Bill vainly beg divine help.

The song proved gloriously true. But Uncle Sam also had among other auxiliary arms the Medical Corps. Through its efforts he was given back more than six full divisions, 27,000 men each, of troops of the line whom the enemy had knocked out of action.

Of the total number of American Army battle casualties in the World War, 71 percent were returned to duty by medical care. Ninety-four percent of the sick and ordinary injured were restored as effective strength.

That record was achieved at a cost. As every veteran knows, one of the harder fortunes of war is standing fire without shooting back, and such was the lot of the Medical Corps as non-combatants. In that ordeal we suffered losses in killed and wounded second only to the Infantry's in proportion to the number of men engaged.

Surgeons, first aid men, and stretcher bearers at the front main-

tained the traditions of the Medical Corps. With the physicians, surgeons, and nurses of the base hospitals in France and at home, they made possible that remarkable recovery record. Dental surgeons, at their post with regiments in the line, played their part restoring the fighting efficiency which a toothache can dim in general or private. Veterinarians helped keep the caissons rolling along.

Yet the care of the wounded in action is only part of our mission to preserve the strength of the military forces. The Medical Corps must wage perpetual warfare against the greatest adversary of armies—the invisible enemy, disease, which always has taken a heavier toll than the human foe.

In the World War, disease caused 53.6 percent of the American Army's losses, the figures on our fatalities being: Died from disease—58,119; killed in action—36,694; died from battle wounds—13,795. Yet the records of past wars show what remarkable progress had been made. In the Russo-Turkish war of 1828, more than 80,000 men died of disease and only 20,000 of wounds. The Crimean War cost the allies 50,000 deaths from disease and but 2,000 from wounds. The Union losses in our Civil War were 110,000 killed in action or died of wounds and 224,500 from disease, while three-fourths of the Confederate casualties of 200,000 were through disease. In the Spanish-American War, 2,565 of our soldiers perished from typhoid fever; the Spaniards killed 370. Our World War record stands forth as a contrast all the more notable, since we were then attacked by the greatest epidemic known to modern times, if not to history—the flu.

# *follows the* FLAG

*By Robert U. Patterson*

*Late Surgeon General, United States Army*

Influenza raged throughout the world. Northern India and Afghanistan probably suffered most severely, but even inhabitants of the far South Sea Islands did not escape. Its special victims were young adults of from twenty to thirty-five, men at the military age and women at the age of motherhood. Civilian populations and soldiers in home encampments succumbed in greater numbers than troops at the front. We fought it as best we could by the use of masks, by ventilation, by isolation in cubicles and quartering men in smaller barracks. With the exception of the fact that we have now established that square feet of floor space is a more important preventive factor than cubic feet of air, we have discovered no new means of combating this dread respiratory disease. The flu remains a great scourge, as it must have been, though unrecognized, in campaigns from ancient times to modern.

As for the other pestilences which have ravaged armies, they, too, must still be fought, yet medicine's splendid success against them is indicated by statistics already given. The typhoids and paratyphoids, the dysenteries, cholera, typhus, bubonic plague, and smallpox—these have been called the Big Six of all times. Add malaria, meningitis, yellow fever, venereal disease, and measles and you will have an idea of the heavy odds faced by every soldier who went to war.

The British were the first to practice immunization against typhoid fever and while their army was the only one adequately vaccinated at the start of the World War, all the armies were forced to it by bitter experience. Our Army had begun compulsory vaccination against typhoid in 1911. The prophylaxis is



not proof against a mass of the germs, and we had 1531 typhoid cases in the World War. Yet if we had suffered at the rate of the Spanish-American War we should have had more than half a million soldiers down with it. The present typhoid vaccination, by the way, omits the paratyphoid serums, one of which caused the discomfort which every veteran will recall, the omissions being due to the fact that our troops at present stations are not normally exposed to paratyphoid fevers.

Effective serums protecting against dysentery and cholera also are in use, but their reaction is severe and they are not given unless there is actual, imminent danger. Medical science controls typhus and bubonic plague by

destroying their respective carriers, the louse and the flea. A magnificent victory has been won over smallpox since Jenner's discovery of the vaccination. That plague, which cost us 7,000 in the Civil War and 258 in 1898, took only fourteen in 1917-18.

The triumph over yellow fever by the Medical Corps of our own Army in Cuba and Panama is a familiar story, and we have also been to the fore in anti-malarial work. Our Civil War malaria loss of 15,470 was reduced in the World War to 36. Venereal disease, always a military factor, caused more than ten percent of primary admissions to the United States Army's sick report during the World War, but the total was extraordinarily low as the result of measures. Epidemic meningitis probably always will be a serious menace; we have definite knowledge of its organism, however, unlike that of the flu, and we know its human carriers are present in any large assemblage and that it occurs only when overcrowding is associated with conditions lowering general resistance. Thus the lines of our defense are clear. That measles is also a grave military problem may seem curious to the layman; yet the fact is that under modern precautions, such as quarantine, many soldiers have escaped it in childhood and hence continue susceptible. Measles can put whole regiments on the sick list, and it has probably dislocated more troop movements than any other disease. Considering also (*Continued on page 42*)

**On opposite page: American wounded being treated at Neuville, Meuse, September, 1918, one of the Signal Corps' most effective and familiar wartime photographs. Below, the latest type of Army ambulance plane**



# The STRANGEST POST *in the* WORLD

*By Sam H. Jones*

THIS is not so much a story as it is an adventure in humanity; an adventure that began four years ago in a small, strange world on a few acres of Mississippi River flatland twenty miles or so south of Baton Rouge in Louisiana. It has not yet ended.

In the records and to most people this little world is known as the United States Marine Hospital. In fact, it is a colony for victims of leprosy, the only leprosarium within the continental limits of the republic. It is called a hospital because every effort is made there to fight the mysterious disease which has baffled science for five thousand years. But it is more than that—far more. It is an isolation colony where victims of leprosy are sent, frequently against their will, torn from job, family, friends and home; and condemned by archaic laws and general ignorance to stay there until they recover or die.

Your interest and mine in these victims of inherited fear lies in the fact that twenty-three veterans of the World War, drawn from fourteen States, have been hospitalized in Carville; and their welfare has become a national duty of The American Legion. You and I should be proud that a regularly constituted post of The American Legion functions among these veterans who are patients at Carville—truly the strangest post in the world.

For these veterans and for all other sufferers from leprosy The American Legion has been, indeed, a Good Samaritan; and if later I highly praise the Legion it is only because praise is truly due. There is no point in our history of which you can be more proud. That you may understand the task the Legion has undertaken it is necessary to touch briefly on leprosy, its history and the unpleasant record of human treatment of its victims.

Leprosy is the oldest authentic disease known to the medical world. Before the priests of Levi outlawed its sufferers and created the present misunderstanding of it, the disease had been well described. Five thousand years ago Egyptian writers accurately summarized its symptoms. Chinese and Japanese writings of equal antiquity pictured unmistakably its appearance. From these sources you and I have inherited the queer, untrue pictures of leprosy; and they have been added to by the folk tales passed on during the medieval period when leprosy scourged Europe.

Due to the ignorance of the ancients, because of the medieval fear of leprosy we still imprison victims of the disease as our ancestors did. Despite the fact that leprosy has yielded many of its secrets to science we still treat sufferers from the disease practically as criminals.

Dr. O. D. Denney, medical officer in charge of the leprosarium, who has spent twenty-three years studying leprosy, has given me the following facts about the disease itself.

Since the invention of the microscope scientists have at last seen the germ of leprosy and describe it as a rod-shaped microbe, greatly resembling and brother to the bacillus of tuberculosis. It either attacks the skin or the nerves of the victim, producing two types of affliction, dermal and neural.

In the neural type, the germ, which is not yet well understood, assaults the tiny nerves of the skin and they begin to die from

their extremities. Gradually the victim loses all sensation of touch and, of course, pain, and this symptom has caused neural leprosy to be classified as anesthetic or macular.

I have seen a patient, intensely interested in a discussion, forget a cigarette held between the index and middle finger and permit the coal to burn through between the fingers and drop to the ground. Dr. Denney tells, among other incidents, of a patient leaning his buttocks against a very hot radiator and suffering unawares severe burns. Such immunity from pain results, naturally, in leprosy patients continually bruising and cutting themselves; and this fact brings to mind an interesting speculation.

Our inherited mental pictures of leprosy conjure a vision of men covered with festering sores, and most of us have come to believe that such sores are part of the disease.

The truth is this. In the effort of the body to combat the *mycobacterium leprae*, vast quantities of white blood cells are rushed to the point of attack. Their very multiplicity clogs the nutritious blood stream which fails to perform its quick healing function. Hence, a small cut that would ordinarily heal within a few days remains open. Even the smallest cut from a pen-knife may not heal in months of even careful attention. It is interesting to think that in ancient times when unsanitary conditions prevailed, such cuts became infected and festered as open sores. But it is no part of leprosy and you find no such sights in Carville.

The anesthetic form of leprosy continues its attack upon the nerves, gradually moving from the small dead spinal nerves to the main trunk lines. Finally it reaches the spinal cord. Here, strangely and mysteriously, the microbe stops. It neither invades the spine nor the brain. As Dr. Denney phrased it the patient has now reached a terminal condition. And if he has not contracted another disease or suffered as well from the dermal

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COMRADESHIP and a helping hand are what the Legion means to this small group of its members fated to isolation, men who, though they never send a delegate to a department or national convention, are carrying on in the finest traditions of the organization, for God and country

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type of leprosy he can and quite frequently does live practically a normal span of life.

This form of leprosy appears to be the less dangerous. At Carville I saw one old man who had been isolated for leprosy thirty-four years ago and had long since reached the terminal state. He was blind, for the optic nerve had been killed. Muscles without nerve control had clamped down in his fingers so that they



*Drawing by L. R. Gustafson*

pressed stiffly against his palms. The same muscular contractions had twisted his face. But there was no disfigurement otherwise, none of this "rotting away" superstition that we all inherited.

Indeed, the only disfigurement I saw was among those afflicted with the dermal or skin type of leprosy. Here the germ attacks the skin tissue. Again the white blood cells rush by millions to stay the assault. There is such an influx, indeed, that lumps form on the skin, lumps called nodules that range from the size of a buckshot to black lumps as big as your hands. Wherever these lumps form everything is enlarged. The hands become greatly

over-size; the earlobes lengthen enormously. The ancient Romans called victims of leprosy "the lion-faced ones" and in the dermal cases the name is startlingly apt.

The nodules spread gradually over the entire body. After the first onset the patient suffers no pain. But unfortunately the same nodules that gather on the skin also grow internally. Unless the disease is arrested death usually results within eight years. In passing I can say that I know of no disease that disfigures the body more than nodular leprosy.

Finally, there is the mixed form of (Continued on page 54)

# Forever NORTH,



by  
*Joseph Mills Hanson*

**F**EW soldiers who have experienced personal acquaintance with piping hot battlefields, whether for a few hours only or through periods of weeks or months, feel keenly desirous of treading the same ground again under war-time conditions. But the revisiting of scenes of past conflicts after the fields have grown cold has appealed to veterans of every time and country. Such storied localities, indeed, have a certain fascination even for people who have never seen a shot fired in anger, providing that in the localities visited the facts of history can be made to unfold themselves, simply and graphically.

Nevertheless, the average person probably thinks of old battlefields as rather desolate and depressing places, given over to ghosts and musty bones, and so they must have been in times not long past. But today, thanks to the Civilian Conservation Corps, working in conjunction with the experienced engineers, landscape architects, naturalists, rangers, and other specialists of the National Park Service, the development of roads and trails, camp sites, forest protection, landscaping, and allied improvements in the scenic parks of the country, from Mount Rainier to the new Shenandoah National Park, on the Blue Ridge of Virginia, have been advanced a good many years.

It has been only since August 10, 1933, when the various park areas under control of the national Government were consolidated by an executive order of President Roosevelt into one unified system, that the battlefield areas, or Military Parks, have begun to share in the advantages conferred on the scenic parks and the so-called National Monuments, by the administration of the National Park Service.

Previous to that time these scattered scenes of titanic struggles had been under the control of the War Department, which, with all the good will in

the world, was ill-equipped to carry on to the best advantage a type of work so foreign to its normal functions.

Under the recent consolidation eleven military parks have come under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service, and this number is likely to be increased in future as the people of particular sections, or those of the country at large, become more conscious of the historical significance of certain areas. The parks already in being are quite widely distributed over the southeastern quarter of the United States, and include those at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Stones River, Tennessee; Chattanooga-Chickamauga, in Tennessee and Georgia; Vicksburg, Mississippi; King's Mountain, South Carolina; Guilford Court House and Moore's Creek, North Carolina; Petersburg and Fredericksburg-Spottsylvania, Virginia, and Gettysburg.

**Federal siege guns  
at Fort Friend  
trained on Peters-  
burg, Virginia, a  
Confederate  
stronghold, in  
1864**



**The battle flags have long since been furled—site of Fort Friend in the Petersburg National Military Park.**

# *forever* SOUTH



Cobb's Hill signal tower, from which Union observers looked out over the Confederate lines defending Petersburg. It survived the war, to be torn down finally. At right, the same terrain across the same water—the Appomattox River—as it looks today

Three of the parks mentioned are on battlefields of the Revolution. Of those pertaining to the Civil War, four have been created within the past nine years. Hence these four did not come into existence until after nearly all of the men who fought on these fields had passed away. This condition gives rise to both problems and opportunities which did not apply to the military parks dedicated in earlier years.

The oldest of the eastern military parks is the one at Gettysburg, which, being also the nearest to numerous great cities and densely populated areas, has probably entertained more visitors than any other. Since 1863 nearly every State, Northern and Southern, which had troops there, and nearly every organization which fought in the battle, has spent money lavishly in the erection of monuments and memorials on the field. These, coupled with the great numbers of historical markers erected by the national Government, and the hundreds of cannon indicating the positions of the batteries on both sides, render this famous arena of "the high tide of the Confederacy" the most profusely marked battlefield in America; a paradise for those who love to evoke the clash of contending armies from shadows of the past.

In the combination of natural beauty and historical setting the military parks possess a certain advantage over the purely scenic ones for the visitor with even a moderately developed interest in history. None of them, it is true, with the possible exception of Chattanooga-Chickamauga, can approach Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier, or the Grand Canyon in natural sublimity. But if one may satisfy his craving for the open spaces in tramping over fields storied with deeds of Lee and Grant, Sherman and the Johnstons, or drive his car along roads whence, in days past, the dust has risen thick from the hurrying feet of Stonewall Jackson's men, or those of Buell's divisions toiling down toward the cannon roar at Pittsburg Landing, he has something to compensate him for lack of snow-capped peaks, precipices, or geysers. Moreover, and this is an item not to be lightly ignored by the average tourist, most of the battlefield parks are about ten times as near to ten times as many of our American people as are most of the scenic ones.

Accessible to the cities and industrial regions of the Atlantic seaboard are the Revolutionary fields in North and South Carolina, the overlapping battle areas of 1862, '63, and '64 at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Court House, in Virginia, and a number of interesting National Monuments. Nearly all of these localities, rich in history, romance, and tradition, are upon or close to the arterial highways followed by seasonal tourist traffic between the northeastern States and those of the Gulf coast, particularly Florida. Yet only a minor fraction of the thousands of motorists who annually travel these highways stop to visit the military parks, or are even conscious of their existence along the way.

No single park, it is safe to say, is traversed by a greater number of tourists, or overlooked by a larger proportion of them, than the one at Petersburg, Virginia. There is some excuse, it is true, for ignorance concerning it, for this park was created no longer ago than 1927 and its development is still in an embryonic stage. Indeed, on such a field an immense amount of work will be necessary to produce appreciable results, for the Petersburg battlefield is by far the largest



in America. Bigger than a dozen Gettysburgs, the area over which the armies of Grant and Lee carried on a continuous struggle for almost ten months in 1864 and 1865 is, roughly speaking, twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide. This estimate excludes the fortified areas, closely connected with that of Petersburg, which extend many miles northward to and around Richmond.

In fact the Petersburg battlefield, wrestled over by armies



Warren's Fifth Corps advancing on Confederate entrenchments southeast of Petersburg on June 17, 1864—from a sketch made at the time. Below, gun emplacements of seventy years ago in the present military park

which together usually aggregated 200,000 men, cannot be compared with any other of the Civil War, but only with those of the World War. Though of different outline, it is about the same size as the Saint Mihiel salient, taken by the First American Army in September, 1918. The vast systems of Union and Confederate forts, breastworks, trenches, and rifle-pits, largely still standing, which cross it in every direction, must total well over one hundred miles in length.

Going out of Petersburg on State Highway 10, which runs to Hopewell, in less than three miles one reaches the crest of a long north-and-south ridge rising above Harrison Creek, and walling the valley of the Appomattox River on that side. Here, on a projecting hill-top north of the road, surrounded by the wide lawns of a parked area, stands Battery Number Five. It was the most conspicuous salient of the original semi-circle of Confederate fortifications, eleven miles long, which covered Petersburg in June, 1864, when the advance of General Grant's army crossed the James River and attacked the city.

Standing on the grassy but still well-defined crest of the old battery, overlooking the arrow-shaped infantry parapet which forms an outwork in its front, the observer sees an abrupt, narrow ravine dropping steeply from the northeastern face of the battery. As his eye mounts the opposite slope, now covered with living trees, no great effort of imagination is needed to visualize the sunset hour of June 15, 1864, when down that slope, fanged with the stumps of slashed trees, came swarming the blue-clad soldiers of General "Baldy" Smith's Eighteenth Army Corps. Reaching the bottom of the ravine, they scrambled by



aid of grass tufts, weeds, and bayonets thrust into the clay, up the precipitous face and flanks of the battery, while behind its parapet the slender Confederate garrison, composed largely of old men and boys of the Petersburg Home Guards, blazed away grimly with their muskets until the Federals came tumbling right in among them, demanding surrender. There were cannon in the battery, but they had not fired, and as their commander, Captain Sturdivant, red with chagrin, handed his sword to a Union officer, he ejaculated:

"This is a pretty business! Here my guns are, double-shotted, waiting for your line of battle, and all of us captured by a damned Yankee skirmish line!"

Thus he acknowledged the efficacy of one of many innovations, foreshadowing modern tactics, which came into practical play during the long months of warfare around Petersburg. In that first evening's assault along the darkening hills above Harrison Creek, "Baldy" Smith's 17,000 men, backed by as many more thronging up the country roads from the James River, wrenched a scant mile and a quarter of entrenchments from the desperate grip of less than 3,000 ragged Virginia infantry and home guards under Generals Beauregard and Wise, who were struggling to hold the city until Lee should come to their relief with the Army of Northern Virginia. That evening Smith sent word to General Grant that he had practically taken Petersburg. He might have taken it in fact if he had pushed ahead. But he waited for morning, and then the Confederates could not be driven farther until Lee's corps arrived and occupied the new line in rear which they held for nearly a year.

So Smith's grand coup is written down in (*Continued on page 58*)

# BATTLE SUMMER

THE campaign conducted last spring for the Adjusted Compensation Bill, and the even more bitter struggle of two years ago centering about the Economy Bill, allowed several large metropolitan newspapers to make an interesting discovery. America, these newspapers announced, had done practically nothing during the war—nothing, that is, so far as actual fighting was concerned.

Now this belittling of America's combat effort was not wholly (though it was in large part) a deliberate effort to discredit America's accomplishment as a belligerent—and to discredit The American Legion in its efforts for belated justice to the World War veteran. A lot of it was an unconscious reaction to a lot of editorial comment that ran as hog-wild in the other direction in the years immediately following the war. It was the time when nothing—no little thing at all—was too good for the boys. (It was not the "boys" themselves who invented that boy idea.) America had won the war—the newspapers all said so. The soldier and the sailor never said so. The armed forces were as ever willing to view their share in all soldier humility.

There were various factors that went into the winning of the war, and to determine which of those factors was the true factor of victory is like attempting to determine which one of twelve eggs makes the dozen—the answer being that each egg does, and that the dozen is no dozen without any one of the twelve.

Well, just what did America do? Here are a few figures that are worth sticking in your hatband, just for the sake of the record.

Of 2,084,000 American soldiers who reached France, 1,390,000 are entitled to wear at least one battle clasp above their Victory Medals.

During the final two months of hostilities the American Army held a longer extent of the Western Front than the British forces in France. At the most critical part of the fight that put an end to the fighting America held almost a quarter of the Western battle-line.

More than three times as many Americans fought at Saint Mihiel as had ever before been comprised in a single American army. The Army of the Potomac before Petersburg (1864-65) under Grant totaled 125,000—the largest previous concentration of American manpower in battle.

If the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne had been fought before August, 1914, it would have been, in point of number of effectives engaged, the greatest battle up to that time in the world's history. It remains, of course, the biggest battle ever fought by Americans, 1,200,000 of whom participated. Some

157,000 men, North and South, were engaged at Gettysburg.

Battle deaths among American troops (killed in action and died of wounds) totaled 50,280. Deaths from all causes in the armed forces—at home and abroad, Army, Navy and Marine Corps—approximately 125,500. Battle wounded (exclusive of died of wounds) exceeded 205,000. Battle deaths during October alone totaled 22,500.

Two million men in the home camps, representing, on November 11, 1918, the most highly trained troops in existence, were ready for any eventual offensive thrust which they might be called upon to make, and constituted, in the judgment of a distinguished British commentator, "the last great reserve army of civilization."

All of which is worth remembering—and worth telling the world once in a while.

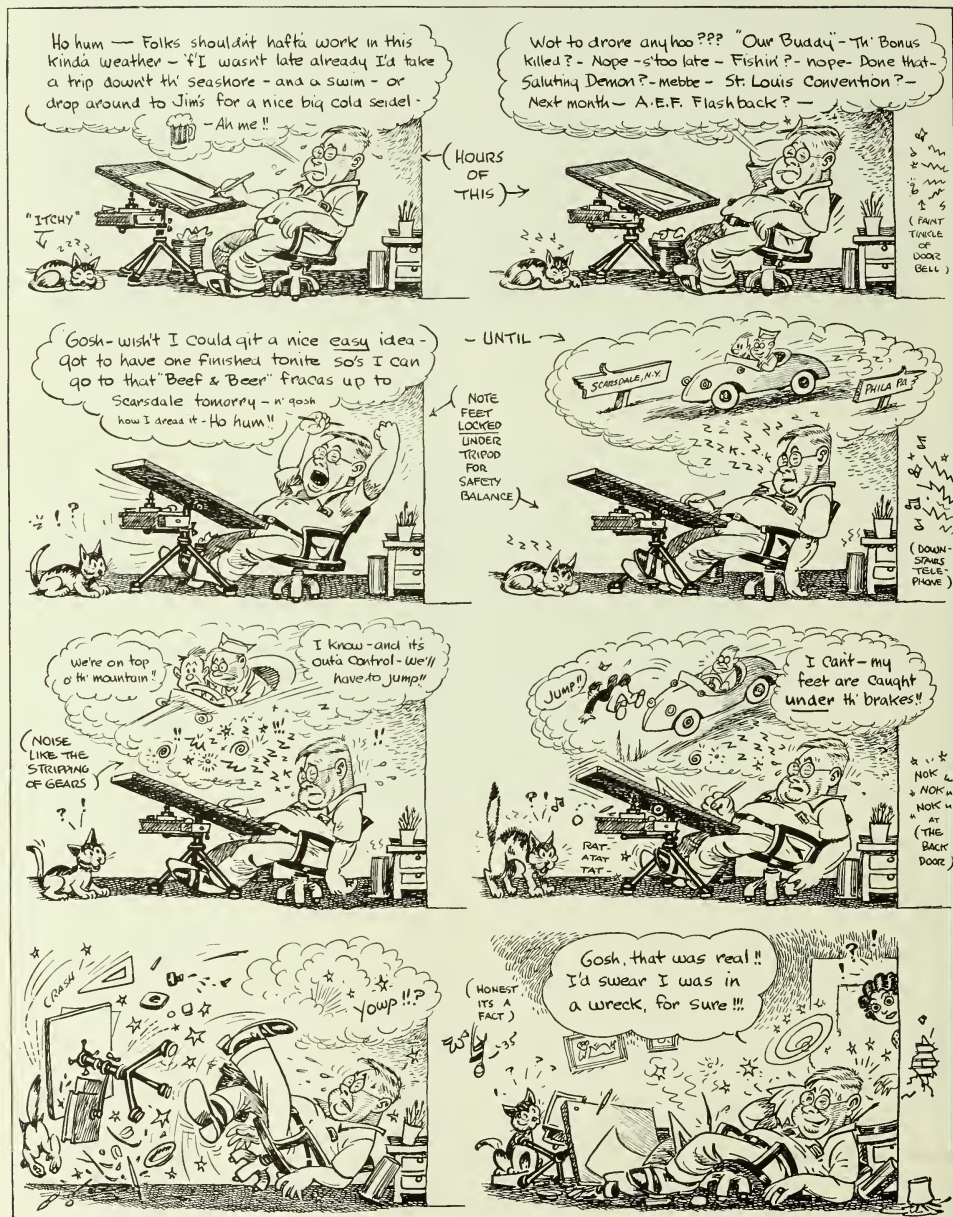
Particularly malicious has been the hostile editorial comment which has sought to play down the importance of American effort in the war by concentrating its fire on the veteran who, through no fault of his own, was denied the privilege of serving overseas. There is no question that a deliberate effort has been made to drive a wedge into the ranks of organized veteranism in attempting to create a distinction between the men who went and the men who were only too eager to go. National Commanders of The American Legion are chosen by men who served at home and by men who served abroad. For the benefit of writers of future editorial comment on The American Legion the following data is offered: To date The American Legion has had twenty National Commanders. Eighteen of these served in the Army and two in the Navy. Sixteen were in the A.E.F. and four were not. Thirteen saw battle service and seven did not. The record doesn't sound particularly damaging.

There won't be much newspaper comment this summer on the fact that every day now is the anniversary of some nameless French village desperately won, some tangle of woodland regained, some shell-swept meadow wrested from a brave and stubborn enemy—by Americans. The fact will be noted at outfit reunions, at Legion department conventions, at the Seventeenth National Convention of The American Legion at St. Louis, which will adjourn, by the way, on the seventeenth anniversary of the opening of the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne. And it will be noted, as day succeeds day, by individual veterans up and down the land who recall a flaming moment that took a buddy at their side and added a white cross to the serried rows that will stand forever as a sign unto men that this must never be again.

# SUMMER AFTERNOON

And a Guy Trying to Think Up an Idea

By Wallgren



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



**COLONEL W. H. Loviner**, of Springfield, Ohio, writes us about the landlord who was anxious to have utmost quiet on his premises. Of a prospective

tenant he asked:

"Do you have any children?"

"No."

"Piano or radio?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a parrot, cat or dog?"

"No," answered the timid soul. "But I do have a throat infection and have to gargle twice a day."

**LESLIE SWEETSER**, formerly of the 167th Infantry, recently confronted the Service Officer of McLeod Post in Mobile, Alabama, with this poser:

"If I worry myself crazy about the bonus, will that make me a service-connected disability?"

**LITTLE Rollo** was looking at a picture of the martyrs being thrown to the lions. His aunt was telling him all about it in a very solemn effort to impress him with the terror and horror of it all.

"Oh, Auntie!" little Rollo was heard to exclaim, "just look at that poor little lion, 'way behind the others—he won't get any!"

**JIM HAYDON** of Rocky River (Ohio) Post, has turned statistician and offers these interesting figures:

U. S. Population	124,000,000
Eligible for old age pension	50,000,000
People denied work by child labor law, plus those working for the Government	60,000,000
Leaving	14,000,000
Unemployed	13,999,998
Left to produce the nation's goods	2

"That's you and me, and I'm tired."



**LEGIONNAIRE E. W. Pemberton** of New Jersey tells about a man who worried his neighbors with his continued borrowing. One day he

had sent his son on the usual mission of borrowing something. This time he dashed into the neighbor's house saying:

"Mr. Jones, dad wants to borrow your corkscrew."

"All right, sonny!" replied neighbor Jones, reaching for his coat. "You run along home—I'll bring it over."

"**WHO** made you?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of the boy who had recently joined her class.

"I don't know," was the unabashed reply.

"You don't know! You should be ashamed! Twelve years old and don't know who made you! Why, there's little Frankie Kempe—he's only three—but he can tell. Come here, Frankie; who made you?"

"God," replied the youngster.

"There," said the teacher with a note of triumph. "I knew he would remember it!"

"Shucks, he oughter," said the disgusted twelve-year-old. "It ain't been but a little while since he was made."

**IT WAS** the fourth inning when the couple reached the ball park.

"What's the score?" the boy friend asked of a fan.

"Nothing to nothing."

"Oh, goody-goody!" exclaimed the girl friend, "We haven't missed a thing, have we?"



**WITH** the coming of repeal two old comrades purchased appropriate property to install a bar. The place was decorated and furnished with all sorts of

fancy drink emporium fixtures. The opening was delayed, however, to such an extent that several of the local curious called on the partners to inquire the cause. When their leader rapped on the door, one of the partners stuck his head out the window, demanding:

"What do you want?"

"We want to know when you're going to open up the bar?"

"Open up! Open up hell! We got this place for ourselves!"

**DOC ASHBURN** of Morgantown, West Virginia, is telling one about a man hanging on the rear end of a crowded street car who was greeted cordially by the occupant of a high-powered limousine as they stopped behind a traffic light.

"Who's the big shot?" asked a fellow strap-hanger.

"Just a business associate; he signs the letters I write."

**THE** newlyweds had just alighted from the train.

"Jim, dear," said the bride, "let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married."

"All right, honey, you carry the suitcases and the umbrellas."



**PAST** National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil tells a yarn about a wealthy old woman who was very ill and who sent for her lawyer to make her will.

"I wish to explain about the disposition of my property," she said weakly.

The lawyer was sympathetic. "There, there!" he said. "Don't you worry about it; just leave it to me."

With resignation the old woman said: "I suppose I might as well—you'll get it anyway."

**IT WAS** the final rehearsal before the radio show was to go on. An exasperated director was having trouble with an amateur making his debut.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Shutt's?" he asked. "Can't you speak any louder? Come, now; let's show more enthusiasm. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

**FROM** down at Key Largo, Florida, Comrade Dave Curtis tells about a little Central American affair that occupied his attention before the World War.

One morning a runner came to the army chief of staff and said the revolutionists desired a truce.

"A truce, eh! And what for?"

"To make an exchange," replied the runner. "They want to trade three generals for a carton of cigarettes."

"**HEY**, there!" cried a policeman, running over to a sousie at the curb of a busy street. "What are you doing lying in that gutter? Drunk, I suppose?"

"Why, ossifer, how could you say thash? Shertainly I ain't drunk. I'm shust holdin' a parking place for a friend!"



**ARMY ARM-STRONG** of Indianapolis writes about a Boston man who was spending his vacation in a New England village and went to the

local barber shop for a shave. The barber was suffering from a hangover and let the razor slip several times, and after each slip he would paste a piece of small paper over the cut to stop the bleeding. When he had finished, the man gave him a dollar. The barber started to make change, but was stopped by his customer with the remark:

"Keep the change. It is worth a dollar to be shaved by such a gifted man. Why, you are a barber, a butcher and a paper-hanger."

# The KNOWN SOLDIER



WHEN Uncle Sam began to sing of arms and the man back in 1917, it soon was apparent that he meant arms in the anatomical sense of the word also and that he was particularly interested in fingers.

If any of us have forgotten the old gentleman's preoccupation with digits, it is because we experienced at the time a good many worse impositions than hav-

ing our fingertips smeared with ink and pressed on paper. Down on the form labeled Identification Record Card went the fingerprints of virtually every man in the armed forces of the United States—Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard. A few may have been neglected, just as some missed an inoculation or an inspection now and then, but very few. As collections go, this fingerprint one was a marvel of completeness.

Uncle Sam still treasures it. Not a day passes without his making valuable use of it.

For there filed away is the unique record of every veteran and of all in active service—"the one signature which cannot be forged." While some may still be wearing their identification discs (dog-tags to you), those losable and transferable souvenirs de guerre cannot compare with the infallible inky prints. Had they been classified, as they now are, in 1917-18 and had the press of the war emergency effort permitted their employment, there might have been no Unknown Soldier.

By our fingerprints are we known, we who wore the uniform. They are our surest service record, more reliable than discharge papers, medals, rosters, affidavits or anything else. Many veterans and their families have been grateful in the last seventeen years to Uncle Sam for making that collection. American Legion Posts have gone to the files for identifications in disability cases and for proof of claims. Amnesia victims have been restored. Relatives of missing men have been spared the long strain of terrible uncertainty, when fingerprints reached across the Great Divide and mercifully named the dead. The only ex-service men who regret that print hobby of Uncle Sam's are those who have adopted a criminal career.

The clever Chinese, who seem to have had a fling at almost every ingenuity centuries before any other people, made finger and hand impressions on the seals of documents. In 1686 an Italian professor devised a classification of fingerprints. By the end of the nineteenth century English investigators had developed the science to a high point. It was Sir Francis Galton who thoroughly established the fact that no two fingerprints are alike and who devised the first efficient method of classification. An improved method, worked out by Sir E. R. Henry of Scotland Yard in 1901, is the basis of the system employed in all identification bureaus in the United States today.

The United States Army started taking its fingerprints in 1906. It had felt since 1861 an urgent need for such a sure-fire system of keeping tabs on a man.

Throughout history soldiers have been given to going over the hill, slipping something over on the recruiting

*YOU may have lost your discharge papers and everything else relating to your war-time service, but Uncle Sam's got your number, neatly filed away at Washington in those ten fingerprints you gave him when you joined up. And not a day passes without his making valuable use of this marvelous collection*

sergeant or trying other tricks in the old army game. The Romans used to tattoo their legions of mercenaries. In the Civil War, we experimented with marking recruits with nitrate of silver or vaccinating them on the left leg four inches below and to the outer side of the knee—"in a military manner," doubtless. Both schemes were futile. The latter practice caused lameness and the vaccinated reveled in bunk fatigue. Bought substitutes deserted and hired out again. Bounty jumpers returned again and again to collect the \$250 enlistment bonus. One Civil War veteran, feigning blindness, cost the Government \$25,000 in disability claims made under aliases. He was finally caught but not until after he had spent the money.

There was trouble during and after the Spanish War, too. No absolute dependence could be placed upon measurements and the notation of such other physical characteristics as moles and scars. Then was inaugurated the fingerprint system. At once it began to operate both as a protection to the Government and to the service man and the ex-service man.

Files of the Identification Section of the Adjutant General of the Army and those of other branches of the Service relate incidents which offer plots for yarns on the mistaken identity theme and for corking good detective stories. They run the gamut from melodrama to comedy.

A World War veteran, a Negro, was convicted in 1925 of a murder in West Virginia. The shadow of the gallows was on him when he was reprieved and given a retrial. Again he was convicted, despite his plea of innocence, and sentenced to death. In the nick of time the Army fingerprint records were consulted. They saved him by proving that he had been in the Army at the time of the crime and absent from its scene.

In that same year, another ex-soldier was arrested for the murder of a woman, one of those gruesome crimes where the body of the victim was dismembered and shipped away in a trunk. The police had a good description of the fugitive murderer, and the man in custody was a dead-ringer for him and could not establish his separate identity. Photographs of his fingerprints in the A. G. O. were sent on and compared with his as taken on the spot. They matched perfectly. Another innocent man was freed.

Here is a yarn that might be titled "Who Drank the Liquor, or The Officer Foiled." An officer found a whisky bottle on the post grounds. When all



# By Fairfax Downey

knowledge of it was denied by the rank and file, the officer sent the bottle for examination of fingerprints on it. It was covered with them, some feminine. But not one of the impresses duplicated those of any enlisted man on the post.

Only recently the body of a young lieutenant was saved from burial in a California potter's field. Fingerprints made identification and a distracted father was notified of the fate of his missing son. A man found wandering through a Southern city's streets could not remember who he was. He thought that he once had been in the Army. That was clew enough. His fingerprints identified him and he was restored to his family.

Sometimes a story remains unfinished, though the Army files have spun out the thread of the narrative beyond where it had been abruptly broken. One day a father brought into the section a set of a child's fingerprints—his son's taken at the age of seventeen months. Did the Army possess any trace of this boy of his who had been missing for some time?

Now it is strangely and wonderfully true that the individual patterns with which each one of us is born never alter through life. The identity section took those infant prints and matched them perfectly with a larger set in its index. The lost boy had enlisted in the Army. But there the trail ended. The young soldier had deserted and never been returned to duty.

More often fingerprints carry the story on through a last, grim chapter. Final entries on cards read: Killed in accident or hold-up, suicide, dead of alcoholism. Yet finis written definitely is always better than interminable suspense. When the *Tuscania* with American troops on board was sunk in 1918, thirty-four out of thirty-five drowned whose bodies were recovered were identified by fingerprints.

A piece of clever detective work was performed when the New York police found a body, head and right arm severed and vanished and all identifying marks removed from the clothes. The Army Identity Section, from left hand fingerprints, identi-

fied the dead man as an honorably discharged veteran who had disappeared from an inland town. Another ghastly incident was the finding by a dog of a human arm to which clung shreds of an army blouse. Checked against the "missing" files of the Adjutant General's Office, the prints named a soldier who had gone AWOL. While the impressions of all ten digits are required for positive identification, fewer may serve. Not infrequently the latent impressions of one finger (or part of one) upon some object, treated with powder to bring it out for photographing, has proved to be a precious clew.

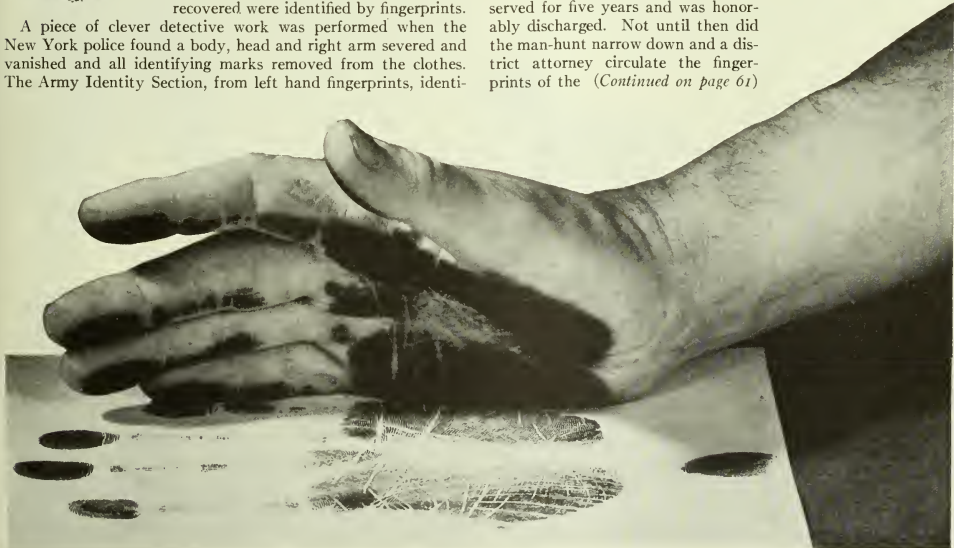
Under the fingerprint system, the troubles of the recruiting sergeant and the provost marshal are greatly reduced. One soldier who applied for enlistment June 1, 1928, claimed a prior enlistment in 1925. When his identity card arrived and was compared with his new prints, it was discovered that he had collaborated with two other men in making impressions on that record, each having contributed several prints.

The trickster must have got wind that all was not well, for he deserted four days later. In another case, prints revealed that a mentally deranged soldier enlisted or applied for enlistment fourteen times. And the system works both ways. It has cleared a soldier wrongfully charged with desertion.

The extraordinary fact has been mentioned that never in all fingerprint history have the prints of one individual been exactly duplicated by another's. For a moment several months ago the Coast Guard Identity Section doubted that axiom. Twins had enlisted, young fellows alike as the traditional peas in a pod. One could double for the other without chance of detection by most observers. Even their fingerprints seemed to match—but only on superficial examination. Closer study and classification revealed undeniable differences, and nature's law of infinite variety in fingerprint design was demonstrated once more.

The Coast Guard identity chief tells a story which holds the plot of a whole novel.

A soldier on receiving his discharge took a taxicab into town from the air field where he had been stationed. En route he shot and killed the cab driver, drove the car on into the city, sold it and made a clean getaway. Soon afterward he enlisted in the Coast Guard under an assumed name, served for five years and was honorably discharged. Not until then did the man-hunt narrow down and a district attorney circulate the fingerprints of the (Continued on page 61)



# FASTER *Yet~* FARTHER *Still*

*By Alexander Gardiner*

**T**HERE were giants in those days, runs the A Number One hokum line.

Whether it be the United States Senate of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, or the actors, soldiers, bishops, bankers and billiardists of various vintages of the past, it is a widely held belief that if the men of oldtime could come back to match words and deeds with their successors of this day and generation, the oldtimers would win going away. In American sport this glory of the past is a theme song that becomes an insistent chant during the winter months, and is heard intermittently even in the summer, whenever rain or dust storms or a Blue Monday forces sport commentators to draw on their memories of long ago to furnish forth a sprightly column.

Thus: What could any major league ball club of today do if it actually had to face the

mighty Baltimore Orioles of the nineties? Where would the present-day pitchers and infielders take refuge were they forced to serve up the lively ball of today to the Ty Cobb of 1906-1916? What basketball team nowadays can compare with the Original Celtics? What

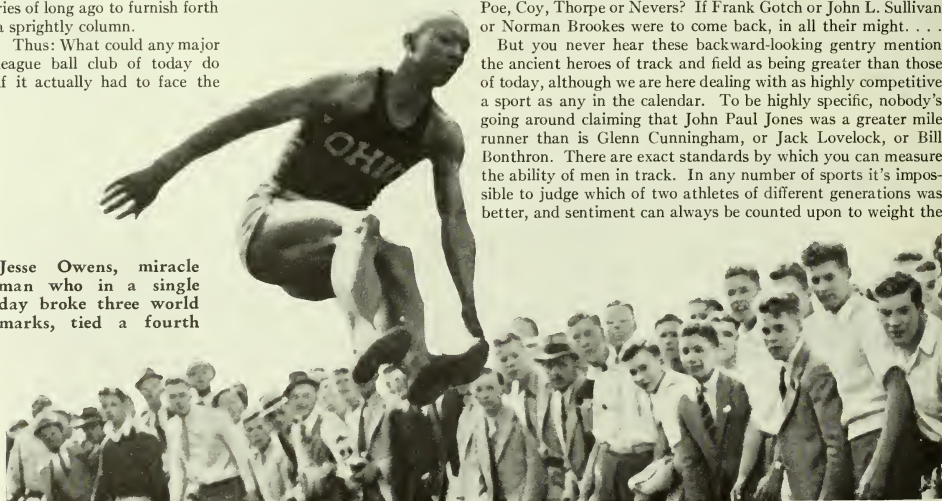
college football player of today could match deeds with Hinkey, Poe, Coy, Thorpe or Nevers? If Frank Gotch or John L. Sullivan or Norman Brookes were to come back, in all their might. . .

But you never hear these backward-looking gentry mention the ancient heroes of track and field as being greater than those of today, although we are here dealing with as highly competitive a sport as any in the calendar. To be highly specific, nobody's going around claiming that John Paul Jones was a greater mile runner than is Glenn Cunningham, or Jack Lovelock, or Bill Bonthron. There are exact standards by which you can measure the ability of men in track. In any number of sports it's impossible to judge which of two athletes of different generations was better, and sentiment can always be counted upon to weight the

**Ben Eastman, holder of world's records in the 440 and 880 yard runs and co-holder of the 800 meter record**



**Jesse Owens, miracle man who in a single day broke three world marks, tied a fourth**



# THE FOUR-MINUTE MILE RUN, THE FIFTEEN-FOOT POLE VAULT AND THE SEVEN-FOOT HIGH JUMP SOUND FANTASTIC TODAY, BUT DON'T BET THEY WON'T BECOME REALITIES WITHIN A GENERATION. THE WORLD'S RECORDS IN THE FIRST TWO AREN'T SO FAR BEHIND RIGHT NOW

scales against the man of today. But in track and field the answer can be found with ease. And the answer is overwhelmingly conclusive that the men of today are better than their sires, who in turn were better than *their* sires.

In the June, 1927, issue of *The American Legion Monthly*, under the title "A Little Faster, A Little Farther," I attempted to show that in track and field events world's records last but a short time. In that year the 51-foot mark in the shot put established by Ralph Rose had been the tops for nearly eighteen years, the oldest record in the books. After commenting on this long-lived record and the fact that several shot putters were sending the ball out fifty feet I boldly asserted: "It is within the bounds of reasonable possibility that some master of form will put the shot fifty-three feet."

Fifty-three feet! That's been old stuff now these three years, and the world's record as I write this is 57 feet, 1 inch, held by that giant from Louisiana State University, Jack Torrance. The limit? Not a chance, though whether Torrance himself will break it before you read these lines or somebody else will crash through sometime in the next twenty years, nobody knows. All that is sure is that no mark that men contest for will remain forever. "This too shall pass away."

Right now the oldest world record among the standard

events is that of P. J. Ryan of the old Irish-American A. C. of New York City, who on August 17, 1913, tossed the sixteen-pound hammer 189 feet 6½ inches. Fred Tootell of Bowdoin College in Maine hit 181 feet 6½ inches in 1923 and last spring Henry Dreyer of Rhode Island State made 181 feet 5⅜ inches, but in neither the Olympics, big intercollegiate games in this country nor those of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States has anyone got up to 180 feet. But some day somebody will surpass Ryan's mark, shining as it is.

On May 25th of this year one man smashed three world's records and tied a fourth to establish the greatest individual triumph in the history of track athletics. He was Jesse Owens, Negro, a sophomore at Ohio State University, and he did it all in the Big Ten Intercollegiate meet at Ann Arbor, Michigan. His most spectacular feat was in the broad jump, with a leap of 26 feet, 8¾ inches to shade the mark established by a Japanese, Chuhei Nambu, of 26 feet, 2¼ inches. This jump was no wild accident, for Owens as a schoolboy did over 24 feet and last spring he was consistently over 25 feet and on at least four other occasions besides his record-breaking leap cleared above 26 feet.

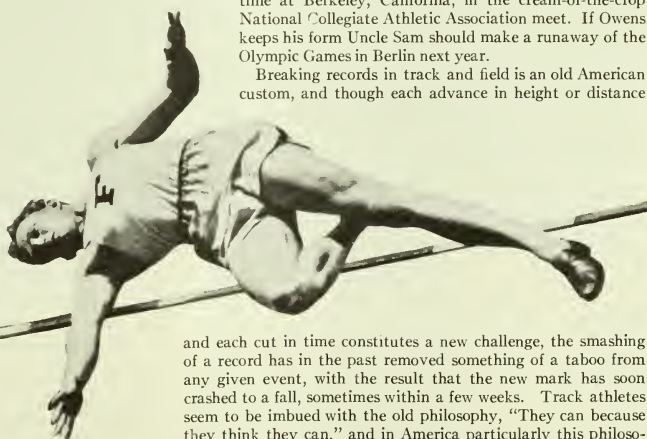
On that bright, sunshiny day at Ann Arbor this slim youth of twenty-two clipped three-tenths of a second from the 220-yard dash mark, lowering it to 20.3 seconds, took four-tenths of a second off the 220-yard hurdles mark to set it at 22.6 seconds, and tied the 100-yard mark with a 9.4. All this with a sore back which he had received in a friendly scuffle with a fraternity mate at the university! Beside this performance even that pentathlon and decathlon triumph of poor Jim Thorpe in the 1912 Olympics pales into insignificance. Thorpe, it will be remembered, had to give up his magnificent trophies gained in these all-around competitions because somebody remembered he had played semi-professional baseball in the Carolinas. They haven't had the pentathlon in the Olympics since 1924 and hardly anyone remembers the rejected double by Thorpe that nobody else has ever accomplished.

Like the champion that he has proved himself to be, Owens won these same four events in a dual meet his university had with the University of Southern California, intercollegiate champions of the United States for 1935, and repeated a second time at Berkeley, California, in the cream-of-the-crop National Collegiate Athletic Association meet. If Owens keeps his form Uncle Sam should make a runaway of the Olympic Games in Berlin next year.

Breaking records in track and field is an old American custom, and though each advance in height or distance



Jack Torrance, the shot put king, and Walter Marty, the world's greatest high jumper



and each cut in time constitutes a new challenge, the smashing of a record has in the past removed something of a taboo from any given event, with the result that the new mark has soon crashed to a fall, sometimes within a few weeks. Track athletes seem to be imbued with the old philosophy, "They can because they think they can," and in America particularly this philosophy has been translated into races, leaps and throws that would astonish even such a trackwise genius as the late Mike Murphy of Yale, Penn and Olympic fame if he (Continued on page 57)

# FEW DOLLARS, *Many Bricks*



**N**APOLÉON said that every private carries in his knapsack a field marshal's baton. When you look over the building operations of American Legion posts during the depression, you conclude that every Legion post carries up its sleeve a magic wand. Example: Robert Guy Ayers Post of Portland, Indiana, which found itself in 1934 with \$850 in its treasury and in its mind a strong desire to build a clubhouse. Now, one year later, it has an \$11,000 building, free of debt, and the clubhouse cost only \$3,500. The post is proud because its most unusual clubhouse was built by the Legionnaires themselves, and because it stood so well in the estimation of its community that lots of folks outside the Legion helped by contributing work and material.

Important fact number one is that the new clubhouse was once a paved highway and an iron bridge. The brick from the highway went into the walls. The bridge furnished the "I" beams which were used as supports. Almost everything else used in putting up the building represented Legion resourcefulness and ingenuity. Doors were donated by a citizen who was modernizing his home. A Portland blacksmith hammered out hinges and other hardware for the doors from old automobile parts. The heating plant came from the State Epileptic Village. It had been discarded by the State when a new central plant was installed in the institution. Radiators were collected from barns, garages, attics and junk piles.

It took building genius to sense the possibilities of using the big paving blocks in a stretch of old highway which was being abandoned. Previously the post had bought for \$500 a lot within

Observe closely the brick in the walls of the clubhouse of Robert Guy Ayers Post in Portland, Indiana. They are paving blocks. The post got them from an abandoned stretch of state highway, was able to build an \$11,000 clubhouse at a cost of \$3,500

a half block of the county court house, filled when the post got it with the debris of a garment factory which had burned.

Legionnaire Raymond Journey relates how the post spent \$248 to haul the brick from the roadway to the clubhouse site. After the clubhouse was completed, it sold the leftover bricks to the city for street repairs for \$250. Net profit \$2! That is a sample of the post's high financing. But there were other time and money saving devices.

"Cost of cleaning the bricks would have been \$15 a thousand," writes Mr. Journey. "So Post Commander Ferd Badt and Post Adjutant William Emerson decided to use the bricks 'as is.' They found a bricklayer who placed the rough paving blocks in the walls for \$538.

"Most of the labor was donated by Legionnaires, working at night. Those on relief rolls were paid. The owner of a rock-crushing plant, not a Legionnaire, donated all crushed stone. Hardwood floors were also given gratis. A friend of the post had a discarded bowling alley. Legionnaires used the lumber effectively. A young man who has gained recognition as a plastic artist executed the insignia of The American Legion above the main entrance. Standing guard on the roof is a cast iron eagle. It

weighs 500 pounds and until we began building it was in retirement in Kansas City after rendering honorable service on an advertising sign. We passed the hat and brought the noble bird to Portland.

"The building has the lines of a French chateau, with the walls 60 by 66 feet. The assembly room is 30 by 60 feet. The furniture of this room is upholstered in leather. It had been on display last year at the Century of Progress in Chicago. The post and Auxiliary unit each have a lounge. These two rooms and the assembly hall have large fireplaces. A buffet and a basement recreation room are other features of the building.

"The Auxiliary, as always, did a large share of the work at every stage of the enterprise. Citizens outside the Legion were so impressed by the way the building was being put up that they subscribed \$1,600 to a fund necessary for the finishing touches. A tabulation showed that 87 percent had been donated by service men, all of it given gladly and without urging."

### *Another Dream Come True*

**N**ORTHWEST Detroit Post is another Aladdin outfit. It was only a few weeks old and it had only forty-nine members when it conceived the happy idea of building its own clubhouse in its suburban neighborhood so that the members wouldn't have to make a round-trip of more than twenty miles to downtown Detroit to attend meetings. Having no magic lamp, it obtained from the Detroit Board of Education an unused portable school building in another section of Detroit, got a plot of ground in the center of its own residential area, then proceeded to effect the miracle of transporting the schoolhouse and trans-



out owing money to anyone.

"All last summer and autumn," writes Mr. Sprinkle, "our members gave vacation periods and week-ends to work on the building. On our rolls are a number of carpenters, electricians and plumbers. With their help the entire job of dismantling, cleaning, re-erecting and painting the building was carried out by the whole outfit, as was the installa-

tion of heating, plumbing and lighting fixtures. Outside labor was hired only for excavating the basement and to lay up foundation walls, chimney and fireplace. We hired two trucks to transport the building sections ten miles across town but we handled the loading and unloading ourselves. The Auxiliary raised considerable cash through parties, provided curtains for the twenty-four windows and did a lot of other furnishing.

"Now, little more than a year old, the post has its debtless clubhouse, more than a hundred members, an Auxiliary unit of sixty, a squadron of Sons of The American Legion with fifty boys. As a community center, the building is used by the Garden Club and other local organizations on afternoons and evenings when we aren't using it. On Sunday it is used as a church by a small congregation which is without a church building."

### *When Disaster Came to Nebraska*

**T**HE day which Chris Hansen Post of The American Legion in McCook, Nebraska, had hoped would never come came to McCook on May 31st. On that day, only a few hours after the post had taken part in Memorial Day exercises, the Republican River rose swiftly from its banks and swept Niagara-like through the streets. Houses tumbled into the torrent. Automobiles were picked up and borne on the flood with logs, wreckage of bridges,



The grand finale of O. B. Nelson Post's kite flying contest in Ottumwa, Iowa, in which 150 boys edified 1,000 spectators at an airport. Hundreds of other boys built kites also

forming it into a modern clubhouse. It did that job marvelously well, judging from the photographs sent by Post Historian L. H. Sprinkle.

You see no trace of schoolhouse ancestry in the photos of the spreading building of white-painted clapboards and green-shuttered colonial windows. It is a building that is thoroughly at home in a pretty suburban neighborhood. Mr. Sprinkle says the post made its motto "No Debts" when it started the enterprise, paid for everything as it went along, finished the project with-

tangled timbers. Terrified citizens clung to rooftops of homes and buildings which seemed certain to fall into the raging waters. Motorists climbed to tops of cars, and some of them were swept to death in full sight of crowds. You may have seen it all in the newsreel movies.

Chris Hansen Post was ready. Rex A. Bagley, post historian, tells what it did. At noon, Legionnaire Emmitt Trosper, sheriff of Red Willow County, requested the Legionnaires and all service men to mobilize for rescue and relief work. The fire whistle



sounded the call for general mobilization. Side by side the Legion and the V. F. W. worked in rescue parties. They set out in boats, rescued countless victims from trees and rooftops. They worked as long as the flood raged, kept on working for almost a week, searching for bodies, extending aid to the homeless. The Red Cross, on the job from the beginning, supplied needed materials, including batteries needed for local amateur radio stations after the town's current failed. The radio stations gave the only communication with the outside world.

To McCook by airplane came District Commander Verne Taylor from North Platte. He had ordered all posts in the McCook area to serve with the Red Cross in rescue and relief work. A week after the disaster more than 100 dead were listed, others missing. Already in action for the flood, Chris Hansen Post mobilized anew on June 5th when a tornado swept down on the countryside eight miles from the town, adding a new toll of dead and injured.

### "Closter in 1976"

MILL VALLEY, California, which is out to land The American Legion's national convention for 1975, as it dreams of growing from a town of 4,000 to a metropolis which will overshadow neighboring San Francisco, has put grandiose ideas into the head of Closter, New Jersey. Inspired by Mill Valley's ballyhoo in the Monthly for June, Leroy S. Mead Post of Closter hastens to put in its bid for the national convention of 1976, to get ahead of any other town which may be looking forty years ahead.

And Closter, like Mill Valley, backs up its claim with hard facts as well as dreams. Like Mill Valley it plans to grow and overshadow a neighboring metropolis. That metropolis happens to be New York City and Closter happens to have only 2,500 now. But watch it grow! Mill Valley is building its dream upon the completion of the bridge across the bay which will soon connect it with its rival, San Francisco. Closter, two miles west of New Jersey's Palisades, is already pulsing with new strength as the result of the completion of the mighty George Washington Bridge across the Hud-

**Here is Closter, New Jersey, today (population 2,500). To be first in line, it puts in its bid for the 1976 National Convention of The American Legion. By that time it hopes to outshine its metropolitan neighbor, New York City**

son, and from its plans to build a super suspension bridge to connect Yonkers, New York, with Closter's front door, Alpine, New Jersey.

When the day of the super suspension bridge arrives, of course, Closter will be a model metropolis of 2,000,000, while old-fashioned New York will be a center for the gravity-plane air tourists interested in seeing such relics of the past as the Empire State Building and Radio City.

"We're going to St. Louis in strength to back up our bid for the 1976 national convention," writes Mead Poster Joe Pearman, who is editor of *The Winged Foot*, monthly magazine of the New York Athletic Club. "We won't put much stress on pictures of our own town today, but we ask the Legion to visualize the 1,000-foot successors of our town's present only skyscraper, four stories high. We ask you to contemplate what will forty years from now take the place of our present two-story hotel. But we have even stronger inducements:

"In 1976 the country will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. What more fitting than that the main celebration should center here, where George Washington made his headquarters, where weatherbeaten tombstones of

Revolutionary War soldiers bear mute witness of military engagements fought hereabouts a century and a half ago. Closter invites you in 1976!"

Now, what post wants the national convention for 1977? Speak up!

### Connecticut's Tercentenary

THINGS weren't going so well in Plymouth Colony three hundred years ago when John Oldham and other rugged spirits pushed westward into the wilderness as far as the Connecticut River. There they founded a trading post. The year was 1633. John Oldham explored the valley of the river, recited its beauties when he got back to the colony. What he told was music



G. A. Smith, at 85, just before his death this summer at Chillicothe, Missouri. Fifty years ago he was chairman of the board which selected John J. Pershing for West Point



to the ears of the dissatisfied. Not long afterward, the good folk of Dorchester, Watertown and Cambridge started for Oldham's river. The first of them founded the town of Wethersfield in the early winter of 1635. Others that summer founded Windsor on the site of the first trading post. In the autumn another band laid the foundations for Hartford. Thomas Hooker, Roger Ludlow and John Haynes were the leaders of those first pioneers.

Meanwhile, Lord Say, Robert Greville and Lord Brooke were founding in 1635 another settlement, at the mouth of the Connecticut River. They called it Saybrook. And a few years later, in 1638, a third settlement began to grow where Puritans who had sailed from Boston landed on the shore of Long Island Sound. Their leaders were John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton. Their town was New Haven. Today it is the State's largest city.

Thoughts of its founding fathers are very much in the minds of all Connecticut this year. In the midst of the whole State's celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of its settlement, the Connecticut Department of The American Legion will hold its convention at Hartford on August 8th, 9th and 10th. Most of Connecticut's 9,000 Legionnaires will be there. So will Thomas Hooker, Roger Ludlow, John Haynes, John Davenport, Theo-

philus Eaton, Lord Say, Robert Greville and Lord Brooke. In the department convention parade these great figures of the founding days will march in the costumes of three hundred years ago, amid pageantry of the past. With them will march the historic figures of towns and cities throughout Connecticut. Each post in the State will bring with it to Hartford a member who will play the role of its town's most notable founding father, and a prize will be awarded by the Department to the man who does it most realistically.

Those from outside the State who want to see something of Connecticut's beauties can choose no

better time than this period in August, no better center for sight-seeing than Hartford. Up and down the Connecticut River Valley, along roads shaded by ancient elms, stand the historic Colonial houses of the early settlers. Every town is worth a visit for its own sake. Department Commander Arthur L. Baldwin and Department Adjutant William C. Murray will be glad to send information about the tercentenary celebration and convention to anybody who sends a request to the Connecticut Department Headquarters, The American Legion, State Office Building, Hartford. Road maps too if you want them.

### *A Ticket to West Point*

THE old brick courthouse of Trenton, Missouri, was torn down many years ago, but it will be seen again during the big parade of The American Legion's national convention at St. Louis in September. It will stand forth this time on a float which is being prepared by Major Dale Stepp Post of Trenton, to commemorate the important part the building played in American history. In that building John J. Pershing took the examination which won for him admission to West Point.

One of the men who had hoped to see the float commemorating this event was G. A. Smith of Chillicothe, Missouri, who was at 85 the only surviving member of the board which examined young John Pershing from Kirksville. Mr. Smith met his death in an automobile accident in May. Only a short time before his death he related to Hal Beardsley, National Executive Committeeman of the Missouri Department, the story of the examination. Mr. Beardsley made a record of it for the Monthly.

"An infinitive gave General Pershing his start in the Army," Mr. Beardsley writes. "The examination was held at the request of Congressman Joseph Burrows, who had decided that merit rather than friendship should determine his nomination for the academy. He named Mr. Smith, then superintendent of schools at Trenton, as chairman of the examining board.

"Seven men took the examination in the old courthouse. The test was written. Two men tied for first place. The board went into a huddle. One member favored flipping a coin, but Mr. Smith suggested that the two applicants be asked one more question, an oral question in grammar.

"Two young men stood a bit nervously before the school man. One was John Pershing. Mr. Smith, when I talked with him, couldn't recall the name of the other. It was this man who had the first chance to answer (Continued on page 60)





# H

From a world-prominent vantage point we look down upon the camp of Depot Company H, Signal Corps, in Fort Wood—at the base of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor. The late **Quentin Roosevelt** served there before going overseas

**S**HE'S getting up in years, the Old Girl is, but to scores of thousands of veterans who cleared through the Port of New York either en route to the A. E. F. or on their return home, to millions of aliens who came to this land of opportunity, to thousands of visitors to our shores, she is still a pre-eminent figure in our national life. Fifty years ago this past June 10th, the French ship *Iscer*, from Rouen, landed this gift of the French people, the Statue of Liberty, in New York. A little more than a year later the work of assembling the statue on the base provided on Bedloe's Island in the Upper Bay was completed and on October 28, 1886, the statue was unveiled. Since then she has extended a greeting to all visitors entering our country through New York and has bade Godspeed to those departing.

You all remember the story of the doughboy returning home after the war. As his transport made its way up New York Bay, he espied Liberty looking out toward France, snapped into a salute and said, "Old Girl, if you want to see this guy again, you'll have to do an about-face!"

Few of us knew, however, that Bedloe's Island harbored anything but the colossal figure of Liberty on its huge stone base. Legionnaire J. G. Connelly of 439 St. John Street, Portland, Maine, steps forward to enlighten us—with the above picture and with this story:

"I am sending to you a picture taken at Fort Wood, New York, about in August, 1917. I was a member of Depot Company H, Signal Corps, at the Fort from May to October, 1917. Probably many of the boys who passed through Fort Wood during the war or the tens of thousands of others who passed by the Fort will enjoy seeing this picture.

"Many people think of the Statue of Liberty as just a lone statue in New York Harbor, as most pictures give that impression. Bedloe's Island, upon which the Statue is located, however, was a Regular Army Signal Corps post when we entered the war; the post known as Fort Wood. The men who saw service there will recognize this picture—a view of the Signal Corps camp taken from the Statue itself, two points of its eleven-pointed star base showing in the foreground.

"The tents in the camp were occupied by a company of college students—casuals who were assigned to the Aviation Section, which in those early days of the war was a branch of the Signal Corps, and were on their way overseas. They had just arrived and in this bird's-eye view you will see their trunks and baggage strewn on the ground in front of the tents.

"One of the sons of President Theodore Roosevelt was in this company, I understood, but I

do not remember whether it was Quentin or Theodore, Jr.

"I did not go across with this group, but in October, 1917, was sent on detached service to Washington, D. C., where I was assigned to Headquarters, 17th Service Company, Signal Corps, Office of the Chief Signal Officer, and remained there as company clerk of the company headquarters until October, 1918, when I was ordered to the 12th Depot Battalion, Signal Corps, for duty overseas. The end of the war soon brought about the demobilization of that outfit and I was returned to Washington to my former outfit, the 17th Service Company, until my discharge from service in June, 1919."

We learn from research that the 17th Service Company was composed of specially-qualified technical men assigned to signal corps work in the War Department buildings in Washington. While the company stood muster and inspection, and had regular drill periods, it was not quartered or messed in barracks, but was on a special duty status.

Further investigation disclosed the fact that Quentin Roosevelt, late 1st lieutenant, 95th Aero Squadron, was stationed at Fort Wood for a period in July, 1917, prior to his sailing for overseas duty on July 23d. One of the four sons of Theodore Roosevelt who were all in active service during the war, Quentin was shot down and killed in combat with the enemy during the battle of the Champagne, July 14, 1918. He was buried near Chambry, by German airmen, at the spot where he fell, and his body still remains there.



**S**OME months ago—in the issue of March, 1934—Past Commander Frank J. Reardon of Edgar Thurston Post in Fremont, Ohio, permitted me to reproduce a service snapshot of his showing one of the ambulances of Camp Hospital No. 8 up in the Neufchâteau area. Reardon, driver of the car, and Lyons, a Third Division man, in the picture were introduced but Reardon was unable to identify the officer who completed the trio.

That issue was barely in the hands of our readers when a letter came from Legionnaire William C. Roysse of

# OSTESS *to the* SIGNAL CORPS

Terre Haute, Indiana, with which he enclosed a clipping from the *Terre Haute Spectator*, from which we lift the following:

"The busiest telephone in the city last Wednesday was that in the office of Dr. Francis J. D'Enbeau . . . The attendant was kept busy answering the question: 'Has the doctor seen his picture in the March number of The American Legion Monthly?' from Legionnaires who had seen it.

"Every local reader of the Monthly seems to have recognized Lieutenant D'Enbeau at once although the picture was taken sixteen years ago, and everyone appears to have telephoned his office about it . . . Dr. D'Enbeau has several copies of the snapshot and explains he was wearing his campaign hat in disregard of regulations prescribing overseas caps, as he had lost his cap, and found the campaign hat in his bedroll . . . He entered service from Indianapolis, trained at Fort Benjamin Harrison and Chicago, and starting as a second lieutenant, came out with the rank of captain."

A. C. Duddleston, editor of the *Spectator* and himself a Legionnaire, also sent us the clipping and later borrowed the cut of the picture for use in his newspaper. Reardon received some fifteen or more letters from old buddies, many of whom also identified the doctor. These men included Jacob A. Hugg of Ashburn, Georgia; Thomas E. Black of Clayton, Illinois; A. R. Sorbel, a dentist of Sisseton, South Dakota; George N. Hoerner of Hummels-town, Pennsylvania; E. W. Bruggman of Clear Lake, Iowa; David John of Sunbury, Pennsylvania; Dr. J. C. Butler of Laurel, Mississippi; Carl R. Mercer of Connorsville, Indiana; O. C. Lyon, who subscribes himself "Dynamite Ho Ho," of Bluffton, Indiana; and C. Knight Campbell of Sidney, Ohio, who added that he was a 1st lieutenant commanding Company B, 308th Ammunition Train, and that his wife is the former Muriel Rey who served at Camp Hospital No. 8 at Montigny-le-Roi, where he met her. So Reardon enjoyed quite a reunion with old comrades through correspondence.

WELL, we heard also from Dr. Francis J. D'Enbeau, member of Fort Harrison Post and of the Forty and Eight in Terre Haute, Indi-

The picturesque setting in which this group of German officers posed is reported to be the garden of a French château near Metz. Ex-Captain Francis J. D'Enbeau, who acquired the print, wonders what has become of these ex-enemies



ana, confirming the identification of himself in the Reardon snapshot, and with his letter he sent the picture of the group of German officers which we show. Here is his story:

"The picture I am enclosing is said to be of a German general and his staff taken in the garden of a French château near Metz. The picture with a list of the names of the officers in it, along with twenty-five other pictures, was given to me by a German prisoner. This is how that happened:

"During the autumn of 1918 I was attached to the 311th Field Signal Battalion with my dental office in Field Hospital No. 79 at St. Andre-de-Cubzac, near Bordeaux, under command of Lieutenant Colonel L. B. Schrader, D. C., R. A. Colonel Schrader and I had been schoolmates in the Indiana University School of Dentistry. For several weeks we had very little dental work to do so he and I renewed our acquaintance by seeing as much of France as we could, both by leave and AWOL.

"We visited many famous schools, cathedrals, museums, art galleries, châteaux and ruins. Colonel Schrader's rank and Regular Army connection certainly saved us from many terrible





Former popular A. E. F. pugilist shown in action behind the front. Max Wachter (second from right) wants to know what has become of the other buddies of the 19th Engineers and the French poilu who are with him

experiences and possible annihilation from the M. P.'s during our remarkable and interesting sightseeing trips.

"Just after the Armistice, at Langres I stood with a Captain Craig, M. C., near some German prisoners who were herded near the railway station. I tossed one some cigarettes and a few moments later he gave me, unknown to his guards, a little package containing some snapshots, a copy of one of which I send you. The pictures show destruction of villages, dugouts, groups of German soldiers, officers' homes and quarters. I only wish that I had kept the list of names so that we might find out what became of these former enemy officers."

There is one way we may find out about these men. The Company Clerk has had good co-operation from the German veterans' organization, which bears the to-us overwhelming name of Frontsoldaten und Kriegssopfer der National-Sozialistischen Kriegssopferversorgung and through it we have returned several service mementoes which were found by American soldiers overseas, to German soldiers. Each month we receive a copy of their official magazine and in turn the Monthly is sent to them. We shall call their attention particularly to this picture and see what may eventuate.

GAMES, as we all know, held a prominent place in all training schedules and some forms of them were used for the building of morale and esprit de corps from the time that camps and cantonments first got under way. To a lesser degree they continued to hold this position in the A. E. F. while the scrap was still on, but as soon as the Armistice put a stop to the fighting, there was a regular epidemic of them. Football, basketball, track, boxing, wrestling, swimming, polo, rowing—there wasn't a trick missed. Championships among different divisions and other outfits were decided—and of course the climax came in the Inter-Allied Games held in the Pershing Stadium just outside of Paris in June and July, 1919.

Many stars of baseball, boxing, wrestling, football and other sports were in service—and many who were to become prominent in their particular line were developed. For instance, in a report in *The Stars and Stripes* of the boxing finals for the championship of the S. O. S. at Rennes Barracks, Tours, in April, 1919, we find this brief paragraph: "Pvt. Gene Tumey, 11th Marines, knocked out Pvt. Dare Lewis, 310th Engineers, with a right to the jaw in the third round of their 175-pound match." Even the name of the World's Heavyweight Champion-to-be was somewhat mutilated!



THROUGH an old friend of yours—both of A. E. F. days and post-war Legion days—we introduce one of the fisticuffers of overseas note. Take a look at the picture we show of a bunch of mechanics posed in front of a pile of machinery and see if you can recognize this man. The contributor of the picture is none other than Wally, cartoonist of *The Stars and Stripes* and of the Monthly, who also passes as A. A. Wallgren, Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia. We'll let you read Wally's letter to the Company Clerk, which is written partly in his cartoon vernacular and partly in a more formal style of English:

"I've had the enclosed picters and data on hand for over a coupla years now and allus forgit to turn 'em over to you. I'm tired making excuses as to why *you* haven't printed the picture yet. He thinks you are the hold-up—so you'll have to square yourself—or get me in wrong for life.

"I suggest that you run the pic of the gang in front of the hunk of machinery saying sumpin like 'Former popular A. E. F. pugilist shown in action behind the front. Max wonders what has become of other buddies in photo.' But the fact is, Max Wachter was very popular in almost all the fistic festivities in the A. E. F. after the Armistice. He fought all the best of 'em—and always donated his prize money to hospitals—and to the American graves

Commission for the purchase of flowers.

"He was well known before the war, having fought Harry Greb, Ad Wolgast, Claus, Britton, McGarron and Willie Moody, among others. He started as a lightweight and once boxed an exhibition with Abe Attell in New York. So he is well-known among old fight fans.

"Max was with the 10th Engineers in France and was sought after to enter the boxing tournaments held in the A. E. F. He fought Tunney and Mike O'Dowd, losing in close decisions to both. He boxed an exhibition with Carpentier in Paris. He beat Jack Clarke, Johnny Somers and Young Bob Fitzsimmons.

"He not only fought many battles but had a hand in coaching and training a lot of other promising A. E. F. battlers. And for all this Max never took a penny.

"Max is now working in the U. S. Customs in Philadelphia and is very active in the Legion and the 40 and 8. He is still some scrapper and serves as my personal bodyguard."

Well, Wally, there you are! We used your caption in part, and we published your confession of procrastination. We only hope that your bodyguard doesn't turn on you—and we hope further that Max will hear from many of his old friends. We'd like to hear from them, too.

**T**HERE is one last opportunity for you to gather together your old service outfit for a reunion in conjunction with the Legion National Convention in St. Louis, September 23d to 26th. Notice of proposed reunions should be sent to John J. Sweeney, 1300 Clark Avenue, St. Louis, who will assist in arranging plans for meetings and in getting publicity.

Details of the following St. Louis National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

**NATIONAL ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES**—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Lauretta Burke, natl. secy., 138 Mt. Vernon st., Roxbury, Mass.

**THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F**—Tenth annual reunion and meeting. Miss Helen Wienhusen, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.

**EX-SERVICE WOMEN**—Reunion and banquet. Mrs. Clara Heintz, Missouri Veterans' Memorial Post, A. L., 4158 Penrose av., St. Louis.

**1st Div.**—Convention reunion. Newly organized Midwest Branch. C. D. Mitchell, adjt., Quentin Roosevelt Post, 3234 Chipewa st., St. Louis.

**2d Div., A. E. F.**—Convention reunion. Official headquarters, Statler Hotel. John Milford, chmn., Pierce bldg., St. Louis.

**4th Div.**—National reunion. Election of officers and banquet, Elks Club, St. Louis, Sept. 23. Send stamped envelope and outfit for copy of *Key Notes* with reunion program, to Dr. Nelson J. Hawley, chmn., 456 Florence av., Webster Groves, Mo.

**17th Div. Assoc. of Wisconsin**—Annual reunion at Milwaukee, Sept. 21 and 22. Banquet on 21st. "See Wisconsin first" on way to Legion national convention and National 4th Div. reunion at St. Louis. Howard J. Van Doyen, pres., 520 W. Commercial st., Appleton, Wisc.

**90th Div.**—Reunion of all veterans. R. W. Anderson, care of The Boss Mfg. Co., Keosauqua, Ill.

**52d INF. VETS. Assoc.**—Reunion. Paul J. Osman, Westboro, Mass.

**135th (St. Louis's Own) INF.**—Reunion, Sat., Sept. 21st, starting at 2 p. m., Battery A Armory, Grand and Hickory sts., St. Louis. Al J. Haemerle, exec. vice-pres., 1935 A. L. Conv. Corp., Statler Hotel, St. Louis.

**349th INF., 88th Div.**—Veterans interested in convention reunion, address James H. McKinley, 2419 Adams av., Overland, Mo.

**354th INF., Co. D**—Proposed reunion. W. J. Donnelly, 5504 Charlotte, Kansas City, Mo.

**129th F. A., 35th Div.**—Reunion. Adnan R. Keifer, secy., City Hall, St. Louis, or James R. Monteith, pres., 6801 Delmar blvd., St. Louis.

**359th F. A. BAND**—Proposed reunion. Lela D. Bugg, Fulton, Ky.

(Continued on page 63)

# "The smartest dime I ever spent"



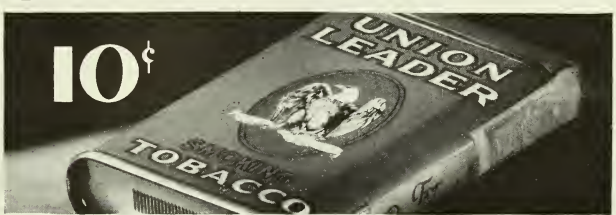
GEORGE BRENT, starting in Warner Bros.' picture, "The Goose and the Gander,"  
Union Leader smoker since 1925

**I**'VE smoked long enough to I feel that I know something about smoking tobacco. But it wasn't until I tried my first tin of Union Leader that I discovered a dime will buy all the pipe pleasure that any expensive

tobacco mixture can give. Fine tobacco is fine tobacco no matter what the price tag reads, and the mellow, *old* Kentucky Burley in Union Leader is *tops* with me. So, why pay more, says I. (Great in cigarettes, too!)

© F. Lorillard Co., Inc.

## UNION LEADER



## THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

# THE VOICE of the LEGION

Non-Citizens Swelling American Relief Rolls, Smoky Joe and Backbone, and  
Willing Horses That Carry the Load Engage Editors' Attention

SEVEN MILLION foreigners in the U. S.  
3,500,000 here by illegal entrance.  
1,500,000 on relief rolls.

Today approximately 10,000,000 of our own citizens are out of a job. They include all classes of people from all walks of life. A job of any kind would be welcomed by them and we have none to give.

Our country's industries at one time were able to absorb even the illegal entrant but such is not the case today. We are having difficulty taking care of people born in the United States and those who value our citizenship and ideals enough to go before our court and ask for the privilege denied by birth.

Why tolerate the presence of seven million or even one hundred thousand people who are willing and anxious to accept everything material America has to offer except citizenship? Why should these people hold jobs that rightfully belong to our own citizens? Seven million jobs of any kind would end this so-called depression within six months. One-half that many would do more good than two four-billion-dollar work relief bills.—*The Lafayette, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.*

## THE TOO-WILLING HORSE WORKS ALONE

COMRADE JONES is a working fool—let Jones do it—why should you and I go to the Legion meeting?

Every post has a Comrade Jones. He is a working fool; he's capable, and willing and conscientious. You're going to build a clubhouse. Comrade Jones is the man. He is a builder by trade; he knows the financing ropes, the planning and the buying—let him do it.

Granted that Comrade Jones can do all these things better than anyone else, or better than any other three in the post—still what's the use of building that clubhouse if you're not going to have members there to use it? There's a dozen buddies sitting back there in the last row that have ideas, some of them good ideas, too, about how a clubhouse should be acquired, or built. If you put a dozen comrades on that committee in place of just Jones, you'll probably not have quite as nice a job when it is over, but there will be that dozen buddies and their friends sitting in it feeling a sense of ownership in the place.

Some people are natural workers and doers and are hard to keep from hogging the picture in every scene, but mark you this, there are two or three men back there in the rear row, apparently asleep, who are good men and know it. The smart post commander is the one who sees to it that those fellows playing possum and wondering if they are going to join again next year, have something to do.—*California Legionnaire.*

## "SMOKY JOE"

LIONEL THORNESS took one of our 19-year-old boys, Smoky Joe, for the summer to his farm at \$15 per month—room and board. Smoky lasted a day and a half and quit because he had to work ten hours a day and do chores on Sunday.

Smoky never has worked. He doesn't know how to work. The family has been on relief for three years. His father doesn't want a job. Smoky is a good boy. Nice personality, a born leader, president of our Older Boys club.

At home he gets up between 8:30 and nine. A 6 o'clock alarm cooled his ambitions. He came home and slipped back to his indolent relief. Lionel's hours were very lenient according to good farming standards.

But Smoky has been reared to different standards. It isn't his fault. He might have been made of sterner stuff, but he isn't, and there is nothing in his environment to encourage it. The depression and dole have robbed him of ambition by feeding and clothing him and leading him to believe that society owes him a free living.

We can't quit because Smoky quit. No use calling him a loafer. Our immediate problem with these boys is to take them as they are, to build them up in spite of their environment and the thousand and one influences that are working on their idle minds. The Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are a success, because they are organized purposefully. We have a troop of each that we may well be proud of. But when you come face to face with the insolent philosophy "When you can get by without working, why work?" then you have a social problem, a breeding place for crime, that challenges your ability. Adpost is going to stick with the problem and crack it.—"Chuck" Sloan in *The Adposter*, Chicago, Illinois.

## MEN SET APART

FROM the moment that the soldiers of the World War, and especially those of the A. E. F., returned to their homes after the conclusion of hostilities, their relatives and friends marked something strange about them; something different from other men. This puzzling psychological difference has never been made clear to the civilian; in fact we believe most soldiers themselves felt it rather than understood it.

While doubtless arising from varied causes, it occurs to us that one of the chief reasons for this distinction between the psychology of the soldier and the civilian was the knowledge that, the moment a man donned a uniform, he was potentially a sacrifice on the altar of his fatherland. It is far from a light thought to a young man in his teens or his early twenties to know that he has been set apart, been marked, as a possible casualty of war.

When time came to cross the seas, beneath whose surface lurked the sinister sub, and to advance ever nearer that smoking, thundering Front, these thoughts, of course, recurred more frequently. That more men did not go mad from the terror of the idea is due to the natural buoyancy of youth's spirit and to the philosophy of fatalism which rapidly possessed their minds.

It is because, then, we veterans lived for months and years with death an unwelcome but unfearful guest in our minds that we are still, and will be unto the end of our days, men set apart from those who did not share our experiences.—*American Legion Councillor, Toledo, Ohio.*

# I'll Soon Be Forty-one

(Continued from page 1)

made plenty of mistakes, but somehow I can't sit down and cry about them. Anyway, the real answer to mistakes is to profit by them. Look backward—that's important—but look backward without brooding.

What about my own inner self? It's time to count up. Those mistakes are written off to profit and loss. And between you and me and the lamppost, they are mostly profit. I can't seem to get scared over mistakes. There will be mistakes in the future—they are part of human existence. Meanwhile, I can look back on a long record of lessons learned. Experience is a man's richest asset. And I have learned my role in the scheme of life. I have learned that a man can be happy without a yacht or a string of polo ponies. I have learned that the human race is a pretty decent race, by and large; and most of its members are quite easy to get along with.

Perhaps it's just a matter of coming to one's self. How different the viewpoint is, at forty-one—and how infinitely more comfortable! As I near forty-one I find there are a surprising number of things that don't matter—things over which, in other years, I would fret and fume ridiculously. Forty-one brings perspective, a more adequate sense of measurement. Yesterday's victories matter little and yesterday's blunders even less. Indeed, one of the delightful things a man realizes at forty is that blunders grow less and less serious as the years pass.

Time was when the little toy dog was young. I used to worry over getting bald-headed. It became an obsession for a time, and it started me on a rampage of hair-restorers. What a fortune I spent! As I compute it now it would have been sufficient to start an Institute for Research into the Cause and Cure of Baldness. But that belongs to youth; and soon I'll be forty-one. So we'll put baldness in the category of the things that don't matter.

I'm ready to do things. The past was preparative. It has trained me and steeled me for the tasks ahead. I wouldn't have missed a minute of the years that have gone—and I'm eager for the years that are to come. The mistakes of the first forty years won't be duplicated; whatever mistakes lie ahead will doubtless be less important than the victories attained.

I approach forty-one armed with magnificent memories. What could be greater stimulus for a man than recollection of the A. E. F. and the heroism of those two million? I'm not thinking now of outstanding individuals or groups; I'm thinking rather (Continued on page 40)



"WELL THEN WE BOTH SEZ  
SEAGRAM'S"

They both say it—but as a matter of fact, neither the Army nor the Navy has any monopoly on Seagram's! All America, from coast to coast, has picked Crown Whiskey as its favorite. More people buy Seagram's Crown than any other brand. The reason: Seagram's is different—it tastes better—Crown whiskey is custom-made to suit American tastes.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

## Seagram's Crown



Blended Whiskies



Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.—Plant: Lawrenceburg, Ind.



There is a difference in GIN, too—Prove it by trying Seagram's Superior or Seagram's King Arthur Distilled London Dry Gins

# I'll Soon Be Forty-one

(Continued from page 39)

of the countless quiet heroisms, the stories that never will be told. These memories are important to me—far more important than they were seventeen years ago. They are clearer, for one thing, and years have given them a deeper meaning.

No matter which angle I look at it from, I get back to the same conclusion, namely, that forty-one is a very satisfactory age, and that the future never looked more promising. Away with those twenties and thirties! They have done their stuff; they belong in the dustbin of yesterday. Their chief service was to equip a man for his forties. Forty to fifty, I am convinced, is the magic decade. No matter what a man's pursuit may be, this is the period of real accomplishment. Is he in commerce? or industry? or the professions? The answer is the same. He has definitely arrived at the true beginning of the things most worth while. Goodbye to the restlessness and irresponsibility of the twenties, to the false starts and blunders of the thirties. Now, as he turns forty, the pace is slower, but surer. He knows what he wants and he is out to get it. Years have brought him a ripper sense of values; experience, gained by the mistakes of the past, directs him on the sure road to genuine attainment.

There's a passage from Robert Brown-

ing that seems to fit the bill rather well:

*Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life—for which the first  
was made!*

Yet even as I type this quotation, I find myself wondering. It's not so long ago that a newspaper editorial quoted the same passage and added a scoffing comment. Browning was just kidding himself, said the editorial; he was growing old and didn't want to admit it. So too, no doubt, some Legionnaires will challenge my own views. Kidding myself? Maybe. Just mental rejuvenation? Maybe again.

No doubt I am on the road to rheumatism, and floating kidney, and hardening of the arteries. But somehow it all seems very unimportant. Here I am, down at the beach again. I'm out on the float, diving off the deep end, with my pal the nineteen-year-old life guard. I study him with an active curiosity. Oh, it's something to be nineteen, all right. This sturdy youngster of the post-war generation swims with gay abandon. He's prodigal with his energy—he can afford to be. I swim with a cautious calculating stroke—the stroke of the forties. Then I think of the years ahead of him, of the blunders he has to make, the lessons he has to

learn. And I stretch out on the float, happily complacent. All these trials and tribulations of youth are past, for me. There is no doubling back. I'm definitely on my way to real living, now. I'll soon be forty-one.

Say I'm kidding myself, if you will. Say it's all hokum. My answer is, it's grand and glorious hokum. I did my best with the twenties and thirties. I piled up enough experiences to last a lifetime, and I wouldn't give them up for all the money in the Treasury. The first forty years are the hardest. I'm ready now, trained and equipped, to do the things my life has been preparing for. There's a birthday coming that I await eagerly, life guards to the contrary notwithstanding. From now on problems will lose their sting. Business difficulties will find their own solution—experience does that. Personal issues will clear up in their own good time—plus patience and mature understanding. The years have brought me intelligent rearrangement of my life, and constructive planning. This new birthday will mark the beginning of the best part of life—balanced, orderly existence, and worthwhile accomplishment. Junk the deadwood of yesterday. It has done its turn. I don't need it any more. I'm on my way to bigger things. I'll soon be forty-one.

## The Soul of Our Democracy

(Continued from page 9)

motive. Backed by his strong, jovial personality it was almost irresistible. His contention was that our religion was "bunk" (I had not heard the word before) and should no longer be taught in the schools and colleges. It was, I think, the first time that this separation had been publicly advocated in New York.

Mr. Coudert was no match for the brilliant orator. He needed careful preparation for an adversary like Ingersoll. He was a busy lawyer and had, I thought, a rather light view of his task. His answer was ineffective.

The merry wit of the colonel going unbribed in a hundred cities and flung abroad in books and newspapers was helping to rob our democracy of its best possession. For fifty years often I have been thinking of the things that should, then and there, have been said. I shall now try to put them into words.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the colonel comes before you with a motion that amounts to the impeachment of the Almighty. The colonel will not expect us to take his word or his wit for such a verdict. Who are his wit-

nesses? He has mentioned only one; namely, Tom Paine. Now if I were to call my witnesses there would not be room enough on the face of the earth to hold them, there would not be time enough in a thousand years to hear their testimony. Among them we find towering intellects whose faith was unshaken by the worst of perils. The light of their word and deed is still shining. We may not like it but we might as well try to blow out the lanterns of the sky

"Shall we put this light out of the schools? Teaching is concerned with facts and facts are stubborn things. They do not fly away like pigeons when you shoot your gun. The greatest facts in ancient history were two personalities and the sayings they left behind them which, carried far and wide, took possession of the Roman Empire and changed it utterly. There can be no doubt of this or that it is perhaps the biggest fact in human history. Neither the chains and dungeons of the emperor nor the swords of the Roman legion were able to resist those sayings and personalities.

"There can be no doubt of this. Thomas Carlyle had a fairly respectable intellect. He says that this power 'flew like hallowed fire from heart to heart, purifying and illuminating them through all the dark destinies of man.' I do not say that this is true but Carlyle is a fairly credible authority.

"I am only dealing with facts when I say that religion stirred the human soul so that out of it came a sublimer courage than the world had known in man willing to be thrown to lions or die at the stake. It also inspired poetry and music—the first noble strains of music that the ear of man had heard. Shall the academic world seek to discredit and hide from the young this source of remarkable things because Colonel Ingersoll laughs at it? A laugh is a good thing but it can be misplaced.

"I like laughter but if one were to laugh at the poetry of Dante, Milton, Whittier and Tennyson or the music of Handel and Beethoven would we not expect him to find amusement in the sinking of a ship or the falling of the Brooklyn Bridge? Would we not begin

to look serious and to feel sorry for him? It seems to me that the mistakes of Moses would have to take a back seat. Speaking of them it becomes easy for a man to make mistakes when an orator, some five thousand years after he is dead, tries to tell what he did. Anyhow there is no mistake in the Ten Commandments.

"Ignorance is a great fact but I seem to have observed that it never makes a man modest. I am reminded of the politics of our time, which is no shrinking violet of modesty. The colonel is an able man and I admire his talents but I hate to see him recommending himself for the job of the Almighty. It's a rather ambitious undertaking. Yet he practically admits that he could do the job better. He even tells us how. He would create a new world by ceasing to instruct the young in schools and colleges as to the big facts in human history. He would kick them out and manufacture some new ones more to his liking. Ananias tried that job long ago and didn't make out very well with it. The new plan is to instruct the young in the details of politics, ethics, skeptical philosophy, mathematics and purged history. They would have the learning that leads to success in the accumulation of cash and its investment in stocks and bonds and business. Money is to be the big thing. Soon Cash and Colonel Ingersoll will be sitting on the throne together and Cash will be a head taller than he.

"To the colonel's credit it must be said that they wouldn't agree. Cash would be the John L. Sullivan of the duet and the colonel would soon be lying on the floor.

"As to the accomplishments of the human spirit, toiling up its long pathway through the ages our young must get their instruction from their parents or the Sunday school. Suppose that they have no parents or that those they have are badly informed or too busy for an added task. The Sunday school is mainly at best a feeble source of instruction. It assumes that children want to know how to be good. They don't. I found there only a saccharine amiability. It associated Jesus and Paul and Noah and Adam with a sense of weariness and tyrannical restraint. I got a prejudice against them. Not for years did I recover from it.

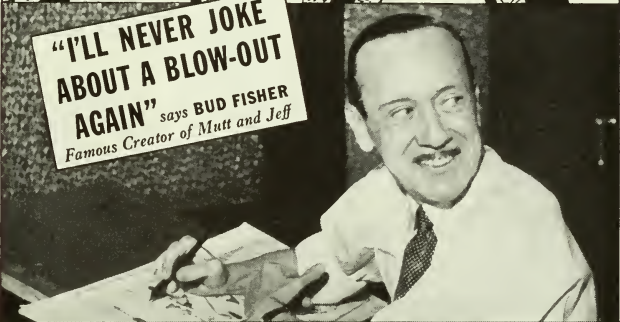
"If for the sake of politeness we accept the colonel's view that sacred history is bunk it doesn't help us for here we are surrounded by the stubborn facts of today. The whole structure of our courts is founded on the sanctity of the oath—that of the judge and of the witness. Call it supposed sanctity if you please. It does not matter if the crowd believes in it. In a democracy like ours everything depends on private integrity in the use of the oath and the ballot. If the people lose their faith what is to become of private integrity? Can it stand supported only by bunk? You know it might cause some difference in a man's testimony (Continued on page 42)

AUGUST, 1935

## MUTT AND JEFF NEARLY LOSE THEIR JOBS -



"I'LL NEVER JOKE ABOUT A BLOW-OUT AGAIN" says **BUD FISHER**  
Famous Creator of Mutt and Jeff



## PLAY SAFE WITH SILVERTOWNS!

"MANY a time I've joked about a blow-out," says **BUD FISHER**, "but never again! On the way to Saratoga for the races, my car was completely overturned due to a blow-out. I was compelled to spend several months in the hospital, during which I had plenty of time to think of how important a part tires play in the safety of motoring. I'm not taking any more chances. I've equipped my car with Goodrich Silvertowns."

At today's high speeds, the inside of the tire gets as hot as boiling water. Sooner or later, this internal heat must escape. And it does. A tiny blister forms on the inside of the tire—between the rubber and fabric!—This blister grows bigger—BIGGER, until, BANG! A blow-out!

To protect motorists, GOODRICH engineers invented the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply—which resists internal tire

heat and protects against these treacherous, high-speed blow-outs.

And examine the husky-cleated tread on these big Silvertowns. Then you'll see why they keep your car "straight-in-line" on wet slippery roads and give you months of extra "trouble-free" mileage! Equip your car with GOODRICH Safety Silvertowns. They cost not a penny more than other standard tires.



Copyright, 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

THE **Goodrich Safety Silvertown** WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

# The Soul of Our Democracy

(Continued from page 41)

whether he swears to God that he will tell the truth or to Colonel Ingersoll.

"The colonel reminds us that fear is an unworthy motive. Now let us be decently modest and admit that we're all more or less an unworthy lot of people. I'll bet if I should pull a revolver and shoot at the Colonel you'd see him run if he were able to do it. Anyhow under similar circumstances I would run if I could.

"We have human nature to deal with—millions of unlettered folk in whom fear is the chief motive. Until the lamb lies down with the lion fear will be a prodigious fact. It is still the king of the world and its throne is the heart of humanity. If we assume that we can live without it, that it is an unnecessary and an old-fashioned piece of furniture what is going to happen?

"I like to think that I am civilized but there are days when I doubt it. Civilization is a thin coat and we're apt to throw it off when there's hot weather under it. With some it's no more than a belt and a fig leaf.

"I have spent a lot of time in the

wilderness. I have seen men who loved the flow of blood. It sickened me to see them rip the throat of a fallen stag laughing as they did it. I knew a man who tied his horse to a tree and blinded him with a club. It is shocking to learn of men like that but let us face the truth. You who sit here safe and comfortable know not how many devil hearted, panther men there are—men who would cut the throat of a human being and laugh as they did it save for just one thing—*fear*.

"They have little fear of the law. They have been dodging that for years. They have had a lot of fun doing it and they boast of their success. But they cannot dodge death, its threat of divine justice and the priest. They are really afraid of those three. Here is a restraining force. Is it wise to break it down? Are you going to tell them that it is all bunk? If you do will they not descend upon you like wolves? Oh you courageous and beautiful ladies! It is a pleasure to look at you. I love the glow of your jewels but a time may come when you will fear to wear them.

"There is another fact that looms in front of us and that is the literary quality of the King James version. If it be nothing but the work of the imagination of man the beauty and sublimity in it towers above all other human achievement. If that is bunk then charity and love and patience and human kindness are bunk. How are we to run a world without them? Yet this I admit to Colonel Ingersoll and to you who follow him. The sublimity of the mountain is never in the mountain. It is in *you*. Still the mountain is sublime."

Fifty-one years have passed since that night. Nearly all of that merry throng has passed. A time has come when we hear a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States complaining of moral chaos. What is the demand for your money or your life but the terrible voice of neglected youth? Believe me our fear is the beginning of a wisdom whose magic turns it into better things. The young! Can we not see that we who touch them in our homes and books, in our schools and colleges and theatres are the masters of the future?

## The Doctor Follows The Flag

(Continued from page 17)

its possible aftermaths, including pneumonia, it is not to be lightly regarded by anyone.

These bacterial enemies are formidable enough in themselves. It has often been asked what would happen if they were deliberately used as weapons against us by the human foe.

The horrors of bacterial warfare have been sensationally and imaginatively pictured in the press. Articles dramatically declare that an airplane could carry quantities of a deadly toxin sufficient to destroy an entire city. That is true and more than true if the hostile aviator could arrange to have the city's entire population lined up ready to accept carefully measured lethal doses. Otherwise large quantities of toxin dropped on a city might find some human and more animal victims, but they would by no means cause such havoc as has been depicted. Yarns of germs broadcast by artillery shells fail to take into account the fact that the loads of bacterial toxins would be readily destroyed by heat and the tremendous tension of the explosion.

An army that deliberately spreads plague in the ranks of its adversary is wielding a two-edged sword without a hilt, as dangerous to the assailant as to the intended victim. Modern sanitary methods are effective in controlling com-

municable diseases, whether spread naturally or artificially, and modern armies will don the armor of immunization in any event. It is true that the perils from such organisms as anthrax, more resistant than the relatively short-lived germs of most of the communicable diseases, are not to be minimized. German agents in this country infected horses and mules destined for the Allies with anthrax, and later attempts were made to contaminate the water and milk supplies of our camps with disease germs. The utmost vigilance, medical and military, always will be necessary. But the verdict of scientific investigation is that at present practically insurmountable technical difficulties render bacterial warfare ineffective.

**W**HETHER in war or peace, the health of a military force is the basis of its operations. The Medical Corps today, fulfilling its duty to keep our standing Army physically fit, continues the practice of preventive medicine and sanitation and maintains its field detachments and hospitals. One of these hospitals, the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is authorized to receive patients from the Veterans Administration by arrangement. The therapeutic facilities and mineral waters

available at Hot Springs have been found of special benefit in certain types of disease and injury from which the disabled of our past wars are suffering.

Keeping down the sick report is a test of the Medical Corps' efficiency, and a long step in that direction was taken with the recent act of Congress limiting tropical service to two years. Since the Spanish War spread our Army through the tropics, results have progressively demonstrated that a long tour of duty in those climates might seriously affect the bodily health of Caucasian military personnel. Also appreciation has been reached that compulsory residence many thousands of miles from home is mentally injurious in time to officers and men, especially if their families are left behind. If their wives and children join them, they, too, of course, are affected by too protracted stays.

Such forward-looking policies are part of the program of preparedness which the Medical Corps must promote along with other branches of the service. None is more important than an organized reserve. Since medical officers cannot be trained after a war has begun, we must be ready to draw heavily upon the civil medical profession. To the Medical Corps belongs the credit of founding the reserve system in 1908 amid the skepti-

cism of the rest of the Army which, nevertheless, adopted it in 1916. The splendid record of the Medical Reserve in the World War is well known. Today we continue our close contact with that invaluable source. R.O.T.C. units, medical, dental, and veterinary, organized since 1921 at thirty-five educational institutions, unfortunately have been discontinued by Congressional action for alleged economic reasons. No doubt in the future Congress will authorize them again; in the meantime increased activity will be necessary to recruit our Medical Reserve Corps, deprived of this dependable supply of trained officers.

Airplane ambulances are an example of developments from World War experience. Three of these ambulances are now in service, supplemented by regular army transport planes. Last year they carried 139 patients (many of them members of the C.C.C.) 26,000 miles, with a time-saving of more than 1,217 hours; and time, of course, may mean life or death to emergency cases. Present capacity is pilot, attendant, and three patients, but it is planned to increase this from ten to twelve patients.

Also the Medical Corps conducts the School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, San Antonio, Texas, the only school of its kind in the world that is entirely devoted to this complex subject.

Here our personnel is trained to meet the special medical requirements of the Air Corps—the testing of flyers and their care. The flight surgeon must be well qualified in general and orthopedic surgery, as well as possessing a good knowledge of psychology, psychiatry, ophthalmology, otology, cardiology, altitude physiology, and aviation medicine in general. In all of these he is given theoretical and practical instruction at the school.

WASHINGTON'S advice to prepare for war in time of peace holds as true of military medicine as of other branches of military science. As a General Staff officer must study the terrain in possible theaters of war, so must the military surgeon on his medical geography, informing himself on fever zones, disease incidence, and all sanitary conditions which may be met.

An anecdote of war service in the Near East offers a case in point. The British Salonika Force, with military odds in its favor, was defeated by the Bulgars in 1918 in the Lake Doiran region because the former's strategy had failed to consider local sand-flies. The bite of those insects produces a three-day fever with extreme exhaustion, though little mortality. When the British troops entered the zone they were prostrated by the disease in such numbers that they were easily overwhelmed by the Bulgars, who were immune to the fever through having had it in youth. (Continued on page 44)

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# The Doctor Follows The Flag

(Continued from page 43)

Not new in history, yet appreciated today as never before, is the fact that victory may perch on the banners, not necessarily of the strongest battalions, but of those with the best medico-military intelligence.

The Medical Corps of the United States Army was organized under a surgeon general in 1818. Its record contains notable achievements. In the year of its founding, the Corps established weather observation stations (weather and disease were believed more closely related then) and that was the only weather service of the country for more than half a century. The Signal Corps, organized by Albert J. Myer, a medical officer, took over the service in 1870; the present Weather Bureau followed twenty years later.

The earliest American pharmacopoeia was published by an army doctor in 1778. Another introduced the hut system to prevent overcrowding and the spread of disease in hospitals. A third reformed the

Army in days when drunkenness was rife by abolition of the whisky ration. It was Army Surgeon William Beaumont who in 1825 made a classic contribution to the physiology of digestion. In treating a gun-shot wound in the abdomen of a Canadian half-breed, an accidental gastric fistula developed and through this aperture Beaumont observed the processes of digestion and made his immensely valuable reports. The patient lived to become the father of twenty children.

TWO Revolutionary army surgeons were the principal founders of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, the oldest medical school in this country (1765). Surgeon-General John Shaw Billings, one of the planners of Johns Hopkins University, was the father of the Army Medical Library, in Washington, which with its million items is the largest in the world and is internationally famous. Billings' own re-

searches and publications in bacteriology were most noteworthy.

The Medical Corps adopted the use of anesthesia in the Mexican War. In 1850 it planned and put ambulances into service, a practice later followed by civilian hospitals.

Walter Reed's and his colleagues' defeat of yellow fever—Wood's clean-up of Havana and Gorgas's of Panama—Russell's promotion of typhoid vaccination—Ashford's stamping out of hook worm disease in Puerto Rico—the successful battle against beriberi in the Philippines—these are some of the highlights of our Army's victories over disease, ground gained in an age-old battle. We have made long advances from Aristotle's advice to Alexander the Great to boil his soldiers' drinking water to the Darnall chlorine filter; from Paré's discovery that it was not necessary to pour boiling oil into wounds to the Carrel-Dakin treatment. And we shall go on to greater accomplishments.

## Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 15)

"I remember! I 'ave told you. He walks out to the middle of the court and he asks me 'bout the water in the fount . . . I am in the corridor . . . so far, m'sieur . . . when the 'orrible . . ."

"I know, I know," Moynihan interposed. He tasted the beer. His hopes had gone too high this time. In his previous experience, most Frenchmen, or an American either, would fight first and repent afterward when a salvage price was mentioned. But both these men seemed to be satisfied with what Major Bulger could take.

"It's all crazy," Moynihan said, more to himself than to the group that certainly held the major's murderer.

"I come ready to pay in full if he eensists," Foulkes resumed. "The rest my money, it ees here in my pocket now. If you . . ." his face lightened . . . "ah, you are of the 'Merican Army, too, m'sieur. Onnerstan' this! I can pay you the rest my money and the shoes, they are every one mine . . ."

"Hey! Not on your life!" Moynihan retorted. "Ask Corporal Braun over there. He'll take anything. It's not in my line."

Braun said, "You're a great hand for compliments, ain't you, sergeant?"

"For facts," Moynihan amended. He stepped nearer the corridor door.

He could hear Lieutenant Swanson's footsteps clattering rapidly down the bare treads of the stair. The door burst

open and the lieutenant heaved himself from the kitchen across the hall into the bar room. He had unhooked his collar while upstairs; something had happened, too, to his hair, which when he went up was wearing a clean part and now stood on end. In his right hand he carried his service rifle; in his left a regulation officer's pack, very small and light and tightly strapped, as if it contained a single blanket and perhaps a toothbrush. He stumbled toward Moynihan.

"My bayonet is gone!" he confessed hoarsely. "Gone! I wouldn't have believed it . . ."

The sergeant nodded, and motioned toward the body on the floor. Swanson recoiled.

"Misplaced, you mean," Moynihan corrected. "Braun was right, then. It is yours."

"But I didn't kill him! Why, my God, I've only known him since yesterday! I was . . ." he choked. "Somebody's framing me," he cried, and swung angrily on the Frenchmen. His expression accused, threatened them all. They drew closer together, as if to defend each other, and Monsieur Pierre even put his arm protectively around the ragged Foulkes's shoulder.

"It was this American officers' weapon?" the shoemaker demanded quietly. "His?"

But from the bench Captain Campbell objected, "It's not what killt the gentle-

mun, but who did it, that we want to know."

Moynihan glanced at him. It was a good remark.

"Who, and why," the sergeant agreed, and came suddenly to life. Braun's handcuffs had tinkled as the chains touched. The sound made up the sergeant's mind for him. "Get holt yourself, sir," he told the lieutenant. "Sit down here, and you get him a drink, Hortense."

Swanson howled, "I'll order my own drink if I want one!"

Moynihan shrugged. "That's all right, too," he said. "Come with me, Braun." He started toward the kitchen, then pausing, remembered: "One thing I want to do first."

He crossed to the major's body and knelt beside it. Carefully, as if he feared he might displease him, he turned him over and started to go through the pockets of the officer's blouse. He found money in the second pocket. He counted it.

"To the penny what you say you paid him, Foulkes," he admitted, and replaced the roll. "All right, Braun," he added, "I'm ready. You're in charge again, lieutenant."

Swanson still clung to the rifle and pack. He muttered something; what, Moynihan failed to hear.

"See that nothin' else or nobody gets misplaced," Moynihan recommended.

He closed the kitchen door. The fire Hortense had been laying when Moynihan first arrived that morning was only a white heap of ashes now. But Braun eased nonchalantly over to it and held his manacled hands to the embers.

"Feet cold, too?" Moynihan taunted. Braun grinned. He was entirely cheerful.

"Oh, no, little foots is quite all right. Still can hop along. Fact is, I was plannin' to alley oop and beat it just when things started happenin'." He grinned more broadly and jerked an elbow toward the other room. "It wasn't you stopped me, sarge. Don't kid yourself. Was that poor devil in there! He let out what they all call his 'orrible yell just at the wrong minute. If I'd of hopped off then, you'd have thought I done it. Smart guys run, if they're mixed up in a murder. They can stick around, if they ain't mixed in it."

"Some do and some don't," Moynihan answered. "What'd you kill him for?"

The younger man shrugged and looked down carelessly at the stripes on his sleeve. "You're desirin' me to make an official statement now? I, the well-known party of the first part, do not kill unfortunate party of the second. So sorry to have to refuse, sergeant. It might incriminate me."

Moynihan scowled. "Be yourself," he said. "When I want educated chinin' I'll look up a Y secretary. Or a judge advocate."

"All right, all right, sergeant. Write it down. Wasn't me whittled him."

"Too busy pickin' up souvenirs, maybe."

"Oh, say!" Braun leaned forward and tapped the sergeant's shoulder with his two hands. "Y don't really think," he remonstrated, "that I'm one of them rich munitions boys that don't need to work? Why, I been breakin' my back spadin' for gold over here. Y' ought to see me dig in these Frogs once."

Moynihan touched his sore ear. "I see you usin' a pick an' shovel on a pile of rocks," he said. "How long you know the major?"

"Never had the pleasure till last night."

"Just follered him down here 'cause you heard he was a nice, generous guy?"

"Didn't 'foller' him. Just happened along. But he wasn't a bad guy. You sound like you been listenin' to the wench in there. She's prejudiced against Bulger. Far as I could see off hand, he wasn't anywhere as bad as most of these swivel chair heroes."

"The girl says," Moynihan interrupted, "that you were kissing her."

"I was. Happen to notice she's pretty?"

"Happened to notice she wasn't. What was you kissing her about?"

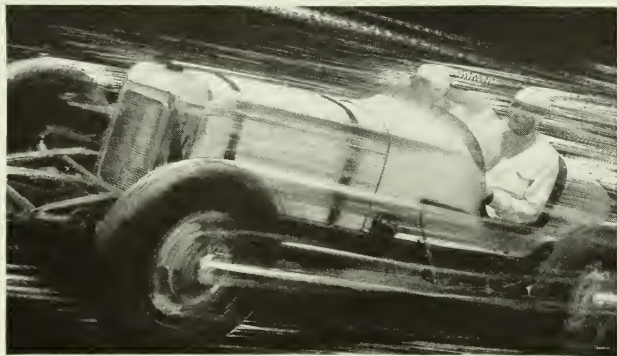
"Why, it was just a passing idea, sarge. One way to say goodbye."

"You're a sentimental sort of fellow."

"Oh, always. (Continued on page 46)"

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# Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 45)

She is, too, I guess. You notice she didn't tell you what you asked her."

"What'd I ask her?"

"You asked her where I was when she found me. She didn't tell you."

"Where were you?"

"In Swanson's room."

"Swanson's?" Moynihan looked at him in amazement.

Braun grinned. "Why not? I saw him go out, so I went in." He added slyly, watching to see the effect: "I knew I couldn't stay long. Lieutenant was right next door in the major's room."

"In the major's room?" Moynihan thundered. "You claimed a minute ago in the kitchen that you didn't know where Swanson went!"

"I SAID," Braun corrected gently, "that when I peeked around the corner he wasn't in sight. That's true. He wasn't in sight. But I knew he'd gone into the major's room."

"Oh, you did!"

"Yes, I did. I heard the major's door open."

"How'd you know it was the major's?"

Braun grinned again and admitted, "Because it squeaked the same way for me when I went in last night. I happened to go by just after I got here. Door was standin' open. The major was downstairs eatin' his dinner. So I stepped in, like a fellow will."

Moynihan growled, "What else you do, like a fellow will?"

"Shut the door . . . that's when it squeaked . . . and looked around for a souvenir. Just some little thing to remember him by."

"And you found?"

Braun laughed. "Well, maybe I'll tell you," he said. "You might better send it along home in his effects, now he's dead. I certainly don't want it any more. I found the cigarette case." He indicated his own right blouse pocket.

Moynihan clenched his fist, and unclenched it. It wouldn't do to hit him. Wouldn't do even to let him know he was mad. He reached into Braun's pocket and brought out the silver case he already had seen when he searched the fellow in the courtyard. He put on his spectacles. There were no cigarettes in the case and no marks of identification on it. He pushed the spectacles back on his forehead. He'd never know for sure to whom this had belonged, Bulger or Braun or the Kaiser himself.

"I know your kind, Braun," he growled. "You'll admit up to everything except killing him. It's an old trick. Pretend like you're telling the truth, so's we'll believe everything."

"Well, y' can believe this, now we're confidential like. When I went in the lieutenant's room, his bayonet was still

hooked to his pack. Right beside the rifle on the right of the window. I know, 'cause I looked at it. Didn't want it myself. Couldn't be bothered carrying it. It was there, though. I was still lookin' at it when the girl come runnin' after me."

Moynihan stared at him. He couldn't tell whether Braun was lying or not. A minute ago he had thought the little crook was trying to shift the blame to Swanson, and now, apparently, he was protecting him.

"His bayonet was there?" the sergeant repeated.

"That's what I said."

"This was how long before you heard the major scream?"

"Oh, just a minute or so. The girl said, 'Come,' and I ran out with her and around the corner . . . west corner, that is, toward that outside stair. That's when I kissed her. Listened a minute and kissed her again. Twice that makes. Nothin' stingy about me."

"Shut up," Moynihan said, "I want to think. You say you listened a minute and kissed her again. Hear anything when you listened?"

"I did."

"What?"

"Somebody walkin' again right down toward Swanson's door."

"It was Swanson, you think?"

"Don't know," Braun admitted. "Whoever it was, he was slippin' along quiet, way I do myself sometimes."

"You take the last doughnut, all right," the sergeant said. "Come on, now, why'd you kill him?"

"I didn't. Why would I?"

"You did. For money, somehow or other. Easy to guess that. You're broke."

"Me? Broke?" Braun's face showed a blank expression. "Why, man alive," he boasted, "I make a hundred thousand francs a week! I got *plenty* jack. More'n I can use."

"You haven't a sou."

"Why, you're crazier'n a coot. You just didn't look me over good. I'm not broke. Put your hand right in here once!"

MOYNIHAN'S eyes narrowed. For a minute he hesitated; then, angrily, he plunged his hand into the pocket which Braun indicated. His fingers touched a roll of spongy paper. He pulled it out.

Braun laughed heartily. "Y' just weren't wearing your glasses other time, sarge."

Moynihan swore. These were hundred franc notes.

"You didn't have this when I searched you before, Braun," he objected. "You didn't have a cent!"

"Hope you don't think I'd run out of money," Braun said aggrievedly.

"Hope I don't paste you acrost the room!"

Braun held up his cuffed wrists. "You wouldn't hit me, sarge, now when I can't . . ."

"Shush!" Moynihan answered, stepping quickly backward. He stuffed the money, uncounted, into one blouse pocket, the silver cigarette case into the other.

Braun had him way out on a limb, right enough. He'd have the devil of a time figuring it all out. But something else was going on now, some commotion out in the corridor or in the bar room beyond it.

"Come along," he bade Braun.

The man did not move. Moynihan jerked. Braun braced his feet. Moynihan listened. That plainly was a scuffle. That was the voice of Hortense, screaming. The sergeant jerked again. Braun held back.

"Come on, 'fore I kick your spine up out your mouth!" Moynihan ordered. He was through being polite. It didn't pay, with a guy like this. He yanked again, twisting the handcuff chain, and Braun followed.

THEY plunged together through the hallway. In the middle of the bar room, Monsieur Pierre stood with a firm grip on the neck of Foulkes' soiled jacket. Lieutenant Swanson had dropped his pack. It lay in one corner in a heap, as if someone had kicked it there, and the lieutenant and Papa Rotaud each leaned, panting, against a chair. Only Campbell seemed unperturbed. He still sprawled on the bench, just as Moynihan had left him; with the difference that Hortense crouched tightly now against him, both hands pressed in terror to her face.

"What's up this time, lieutenant?" Moynihan demanded.

But before the officer could answer, Pierre explained in his mild voice, "It is only a misunderstanding, my sergeant. Nothing at all to be concerned about. I regret most deeply the evil manners of my countryman."

Foulkes, who had been chewing his knuckles in an ecstasy of temper, pointed first toward Swanson, then toward the captain.

"They 'ave stolen it!" he charged.

"Out of thees pocket!"

Moynihan slapped his own blouse. Braun's roll of money was there, all right.

"One of them 'as it!" Foulkes cried.

"Has what?" Moynihan thundered.

"My written agreement . . ."

"Agreement?"

" . . . with the poor major. The one I tell you about, for me to purchase the salvage! I 'ave it in thees pocket . . . ere . . . observe, observe, m'sieur, when

I 'ave depart from the major he 'as signed it . . . it ees 'ere, safe in thees pocket! Now it ees depart from me . . . 'ow will I now claim my shoes? I 'ave paid the 'alf . . ."

Swanson interrupted fiercely, "He said I'd stolen it!"

"Your agreement?" Moynihan repeated. "Who'd want it, with Bulger dead?" He left Braun where he was and advanced into the center of the room. "Loosen up," he told Pierre, "loosen up on him."

The older Frenchman released his grip on Foulkes' collar. The junk dealer groaned and rubbed the back of his neck.

"You got a hell of a lot of arm there," Moynihan told Pierre.

"But listen, listen!" Foulkes shouted. "I 'ave lost my agreement for the eight t'ousand pair of shoes . . ." he began to cry noisily, and the room at once became bedlam. Then Captain Campbell said:

"I remind you, thur is a dead gentleman with us."

The stillness which fell upon the bar was as complete as death. It hung thus, unbroken, for perhaps half a minute. The girl sobbed once. The sob ended in a hiccup and Captain Campbell blew his nose.

"I want to speak to you, sergeant," Lieutenant Swanson cried. A note of authority had come back to his tone.

"I been tryin' to get a minute with M'sieur Pierre," Moynihan answered.

Pierre looked up eagerly.

"I come first," Swanson insisted.

"If I may assist," Pierre began, but Captain Campbell interrupted.

"You can thut, sir," he said sharply. His red brow wrinkled and he seemed for an instant to regret his words. Then he added, with less conviction, "The agreement of whuch the beggar talks, I hopen to know whur ut is."

Foulkes was slow in comprehending. Then he cried, "So? So? You know where my paper ees?" and he ran across the room and grasped the Scot by the suspenders.

Even Braun's expression changed; he allowed himself a brief smile and said, "Well, I ain't got *that*."

Moynihan looked at him swiftly; then at Pierre and Campbell. He felt a sense of confusion. It gave way to anger.

"Somebody's havin' a hell of a lot of fun around here, ain't they?" he charged.

"Why you so slow in speaking up, Campbell, if you knew where it was?"

"Thut Frenchman hos it," the Scot accused. "Yus, yus, you Pierre."

"I?" Pierre exclaimed.

"Yus, you."

"How do you know that?" Moynihan demanded.

Pierre's gentle face had taken on an expression of hurt incredulity. "The captain is mistaken," he said evenly.

"Mustaken nothing!" Campbell denied. "You took ut from yon beggar's poke. Some munutes back. I saw wuth my own eyes." (Continued on page 48)



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# Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 47)

Pierre repeated with dignity, "This man makes the most grave error, my friends. Here, please, soldier, I wish you to inquire then."

He lifted his hands and took a step toward Moynihan.

"Observe!" He emptied his right hand pocket. It contained a stub of pencil and diminutive notebook. Next he turned out his trouser pockets, but they disclosed only a bunch of keys, small change, a briquet with a long soiled string. "Do you see?" Pierre asked. "The man is beside his wits. That I should take..."

HE PAUSED, his hand in his left coat pocket. Slowly he drew it forth. It held a light blue paper, folded double.

"What... what?" His tone was astonished. "Saints be praised, *this is it*?"

Foulkes snatched it.

"Oui, oui, that ees it, certainement!" he cried. "You? M'sieur Pierre?"

"Hand that over to me," Moynihan ordered. "This is a nice game of hide and seek!" He took the paper from Foulkes and unfolded it. "Shut up, will you?" he barked at him. "I don't intend to eat it. Is this Bulger's writing? You, Swanson, you ought to know."

"I won't identify anything under these circumstances," Swanson answered.

"Let me see," Rotaud cried. He ran forward, craning his head. "But yes, yes, that is the major's hand. It is written so, exactly in my register!"

Moynihan grunted. "Eight thousand pair at twenty francs," he considered, "half in cash, balance on delivery. That's a lot of francs." He folded the paper again and looking significantly at Braun, took the major's cigarette case from his pocket and stored the paper carefully in it. "I'll give it back to you later," he assured Foulkes. "Lot o' francs. Lot o' shoes, too. More'n you can manufacture in a year, Pierre? Or have you already used up your American leather?"

"More pairs than I can sell in one year," the Frenchman admitted. "No, I have used none of the leather yet. But," he continued to search, as if to discover what other surprise his pockets might hold, "I have never seen that paper before!"

"You lie, yus, you lie," Campbell grunted. "I was watching you." The Scot got up slowly from the bench and pulled his suspenders up to their proper place on his shoulders. "They's a foony, foony race, the French," he said.

"Well, now, wait a minute," Moynihan retorted doubtfully. "Is there any more reason for me to believe you than him?"

"Just the paper thur in his pucket," Campbell answered.

Pierre shook his head.

"Someone placed it upon me," he said

stoutly. "Some person with something to conceal."

"I guess there's several folks with somethin' to conceal," Moynihan decided. He found his glasses on his forehead and took them off hastily. He had forgotten them for once. He put them away in their case, then crossed slowly to Braun, and to that young man's astonishment, he reached down and unlocked the steel cuff at his left wrist and beckoned to Foulkes. The ragged little Frenchman stepped closer just in time to find the cuff, still warm from Braun's skin, firmly locked to his own right arm.

"I'll hook you two babies together," Moynihan said. "You still got the keys to the doors, Rotaud? All right, keep 'em. It's your turn to talk now, lieutenant." He added politely, "Will you take charge here, M'sieur Pierre?"

He followed Swanson into the dark corridor. At its end, in the open court, the sun still was shining brightly. Moynihan blinked his eyes. "Just a moment, sir," he said, and leaving the lieutenant by the outside stair, he crossed once more to the dry fountain and from there to the table on the flagstones. There was nothing in either place that he had not seen before. He returned to Swanson.

"Want to show you some things upstairs, sergeant," the younger man explained. His manner was still authoritative.

"Some things I want to see," Moynihan agreed. He followed the officer to the upper hall where the bedrooms were. As they approached the turn at the back of the house, he said, "Here, I take it, is where Braun and saucer-eyes were doing their kissing. That's Campbell's major back there by the stair, this is the major's here by the corner, and yours is next?"

"That's correct," Swanson answered. He paused by the major's door.

"I want to look over your room first," Moynihan decided.

Lieutenant Swanson's door was open. Moynihan entered and crossed to the windows, on both of which the shutters stood wide. He leaned out into the sunshine.

"IT'S about twenty-five feet from here to that fountain, you think, lieutenant?" he asked.

"About that," Swanson answered.

"Your pack lay right here, bayonet in it?"

"Right there by the window."

"How come anybody except yourself had a chance to use it, then?"

Swanson faltered. "I left the room," he admitted.

"What for?"

"I'll show you." He led the way back to the major's room.

"Wait a minute," Moynihan said as

they reached the door, "let me open that." He grasped the handle and moved it gently. It creaked. Braun had been telling the truth about this, at least.

"Braun and the girl heard you open this door, sir, just before Bulger was killed," he accused the lieutenant. "What were you doing in here?"

"I said I would show you," Swanson answered.

He waited for Moynihan to enter first. The one window in this room too was open, but unlike Swanson's, its shutter was closed and latched and when Moynihan tried to open it, it creaked worse than the door. He pushed. The squeal of its rusty hinges echoed though the bare corridor and set even the gulls to screaming again in the courtyard.

"That's interesting," Moynihan observed. "Anybody that monkeys 'round this shutter knows what the hinges of hell sound like. Well, what were you doing in here, sir?"

"I was looking at Major Bulger's field desk," Swanson confessed. He pointed to the small, square, fibre covered case upon the huge dresser. He spoke eagerly now and quickly. "I... I was sent down here to take this salvage job over..."

"We know that."

GOING to be held responsible for everything. But he wouldn't let me see his orders, wouldn't tell me a thing about the business, wouldn't let go. Said I needn't have come. Said he had orders to stay himself till the last of the salvage was cleared up. Looked to me like there was something funny going on..."

"So you went prowling to find out for yourself what his orders were?"

The lieutenant answered defensively, "I had a right to, didn't I? Only I didn't find them. The key was there in it, just as it is now, but just as I got it turned, he let out that yell. I... I thought..." he laughed nervously... "thought for a minute he was right here behind me, instead of..." he jerked his head toward the window... "lying down there. I snapped the thing shut as fast as I could, and the edge of the lock... look here, it caught my sleeve. See where it's torn?"

He held up his arm. Moynihan looked carefully at the snag in the brown cloth. Then he walked to the desk and himself opened it with the key. He reached quickly into the lock and brought out the small torn piece of cloth from the lieutenant's sleeve.

"Okay," he agreed, "you're telling the truth there, at least. Then what?"

"What? Why, good Lord, soon as I had strength in my legs, I got back to my room!"

"And found your bayonet gone?"

Swanson's face whitened. "I... I

didn't think to take notice at that time."

"Better always notice, sir," Moynihan advised. "Come. I want to look in Campbell's room, and Pierre's."

IT WAS half an hour before Moynihan returned through the sunshine of the court to the lower floor of the inn. Swanson followed him. Without preliminary the sergeant stalked into the bar room and said:

"Reason I couldn't find any footprints out there in the court was because the damned knife was thrown from upstairs."

"Upstairs?" Rotaud exclaimed. He dropped the glass he was washing. "Upstairs?" he repeated. "I . . . I was upstairs . . ."

"Saints be praised," Pierre murmured.

The group all had stirred. They were quiet as the sergeant had left them. "Thrown out an open window," Moynihan added, and looked each individual over.

Braun and Foulkes, fastened together by the handcuffs, had lain down on the floor, as far apart as the chain would permit. Campbell was drinking an eau de vie beside the bar. He put down the tumbler and blew through his lips.

"Whose window?" he asked. "Whose window do you say noo?"

"Swanson's," Moynihan answered, and then to Swanson himself, "Wait a minute, sir, be patient! I'll explain! Your shutters were the only ones open on that side of the house, weren't they? And the way the blade went in the major's chest, it had to be thrown from that side. The fountain was in the way, from the other side. It went out your window, but I didn't say you threw it."

Braun cried, "Listen, you wise cop, this girl knows where I was!"

"She does," the sergeant agreed. "Lucky for you she does, too. Lucky for me and you both. You say the lieutenant was in the major's room while you two was doing your lovebird stuff in the hall. He was there when you heard the major scream. It was his bayonet. But he couldn't have thrown it out the major's window. That shutter was closed and it squeaks worse'n the door does. You heard the door."

Swanson's head straightened up. He hooked his collar and looked at the others defiantly.

"Well," Moynihan concluded, "if the lieutenant wasn't in his room, who was? Somebody threw the knife out his window. A few minutes before that, Braun, you had been in there, lookin' for souvenirs."

"Hey!" Braun cried, startled. "In the lieutenant's room? Yes, but that was minutes before. I tell you I was 'round the corner with the girl . . ."

"I'm not denying it. You and the lieutenant get too excited. When you were in Swanson's room, those few minutes before, you saw his bayonet still there. You can testify to that?"

"Oh. Yes, (Continued on page 50)

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# Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 49)

that's right," Braun admitted. He stirred nervously, so that the chain of his hand-cuff clinked and caused Foulkes, on the floor beside him, to move slightly, too.

"Papa Rotaud was in your room, hunting you." Moynihan still addressed Braun. "And you, Captain Campbell, were asleep in bed?"

"I huv been asleep, yus. The scurrling waked me. I lay on m' bunk trying to thunk whut the noise wus. I got up and looked out."

"But you couldn't have got out your room and around the hall to Swanson's window, without runnin' smack into these lovebirds."

Campbell made no answer. But his puffy eyes blinked. Moynihan turned to Pierre.

"And you, m'sieur, were sound asleep? So sound I had to wake you. Sleeping sound, but cold. All wrapped up in blankets in a room that's got no air 'cept what can wiggle in through a few cracks, and you wake up cold. Shakin' all over with chill."

Captain Campbell exclaimed, "Whut's that?"

"That's what they call deduction," Moynihan answered. "Pierre had not been asleep. He'd been out o' his warm bed, runnin' 'round in his bare feet."

"M'sieur!" the shoemaker protested.

"Well, think about this for a minute, gentlemen," Moynihan said. "Who's got the strength to throw that knife down from the second floor so hard and straight it strikes a man out? Who's showed his strength right here in this room a couple of times? Who was it jumps in and throws you, lieutenant, when you and Braun are mixing it?"

Pierre arose to his feet.

"Who is it," Moynihan persisted, "has got eleven carloads of unused leather on his hands, so if Foulkes gets hold of eight thousand American ready-mades to sell cheap, it'll fill up the shoe market so he

won't have a chance to get rid of his bulk leather?"

Pierre lunged at him. Moynihan ducked. Pierre tried to follow but he reckoned without Captain Campbell's dislike of all things continental. A bar-room chair, skillfully heaved by the captain, dropped Pierre to the floor.

"That's whut I think o' the lot o' you," Campbell muttered.

Moynihan leaned over Pierre and pulled him to a sitting position.

"Excuse me, please, please," the shoemaker murmured, "I move then in anger, I do not mean . . ."

"Well, mebbe not," Moynihan said. "It's hard to tell about you polite guys, though. Here, Foulkes, I'll take your bracelet off. Got a better place for it." He unfastened it and clamped it to Pierre's big wrist. "There you are. You see," he turned to Braun, "it was Pierre you heard up there in the hall while you was kissing the girl."

PIERRE'S gray eyes bored into him and Moynihan directed the next remark to him.

"You wasn't asleep, I finally had sense enough to know. You waked up and heard Foulkes and Bulger talkin' down there in the court. Heard 'em making their deal. Your shutter was closed. You wanted to hear better, see better too, I suspect. Anyway, you slipped out and there was Swanson's door open and his windows up and the room empty. You ran in to look out o' a window, and there was the bayonet handy. You threw it. You're the only one that *could* have done it."

"I do it in anger, only," Pierre cried.

"I do not intend to kill!"

"Mebbe not, but . . ."

"It is fate impels me! If the knife had not been there . . ." he covered his face with his hands. "Because it is there, I pick it up and throw it, in rage at him

who cheats me! He has promised that he would . . ."

"Who has?"

"The major! He gives me his word when I pay him the five thousand francs for his own pocket that he will send the ready-made shoes back to America. Not to glut my market . . ."

"Gave his word and broke it. Well, he'll never do that again," Moynihan turned to Rotaud. "You can unlock the doors now, Papa, and holler for a gendarme."

"Come on," Braun said, "get me out o' here, sarge. Hurts my feelings, being chained to this guy. He can't even pick a pocket without Scottie there seein' . . ."

"'Twas when he was fondling you, Foulkes," Campbell said, "when the lieutenant is angry at you all, the man dips in your pocket then."

Moynihan laughed.

"You're right, Braun," he said, "he ain't in your class. They don't see *you* do it." He reached into his own blouse and brought out the roll of money he had found on Braun. "I bet this is yours, too, Mister Foulkes. Bet it's the other half you had along to pay for the shoes, if the major wouldn't take half. Y' ain't missed it, yet, but if you'll look . . ."

Foulkes quickly pulled out the lining of his green hat.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried. "It *ees* gone! Also!"

Moynihan tossed him the wad.

"Braun was just taking care of it for you," the sergeant explained. He still laughed. "I solved *that* alone, anyway, Braun. Say goodbye to him, Hortense. You can thank him, too, lieutenant. I don't know where you'd be if he hadn't kissed the girl." The sergeant looked out again at the warm yellow sunshine of the court. "First time in all my life," he added, "I ever solved a case with the help of a crook."

THE END

## A Career on the Seven Seas

(Continued from page 11)

delusion that the parlor rug was upheld by a floor. He has no such notions any more; the floor is a deck, the walls are bulkheads, and that goes for a house as well as a ship.

There's salt on his tongue and in his veins. Most of that raciness of talk came during his first two weeks in the school, when he was required to stay aboard ship practically all the time, learning the ship's routine.

Veterans can guess the routine. It corresponds roughly to that of Army and

Navy. It ought to; these school ships are commanded by former navy men—retired captains is practically the rule. Reveille will blow about six. The bugler may be a member of the small permanent enlisted crew of the ship. The cadet rises, dresses and either lashes his hammock or folds his bedding. Then he scrubs himself and his environment. Around seven he knocks off for breakfast. There will be sick call and orders about eight. An hour later the cadets will be in class. During the morn-

ing there will be two, three or four recitations or lectures or study periods. At noon will come recall from study, followed by dinner. The rule is for two long classes in the afternoon, on most ships—classes often, if not generally, devoted to practical work.

What does the cadet study? It depends. Maybe he signed on to be an engineer—in New York or Pennsylvania. Maybe he went aboard the California or Massachusetts ship and didn't know whether he was going to be an engineer or

a deck officer until the end of his first year, when the choice was made for him (but practically never against his pronounced inclination) by the faculty. In any school, he learns a little about both branches. But if he's to be an engineer, he is now concentrating on marine boilers, reciprocating, turbine and Diesel engines, electricity, refrigeration, machine-shop work, the law of the sea. In any school even the engineers are required to drill in the handling of boats. The engineers also must get a smattering of navigation—or piloting, at least.

If our cadet is going to be a deck officer, he is studying navigation, physics, cargo-stowage, piloting, maritime law, electricity, seamanship. He must study trigonometry. Whatever branch he takes up he'll study hygiene and ship construction and ship's business. He'll get physical drill and infantry drill up to and including the school of the company. He'll be a fair rough carpenter.

Besides the various drills, with rifles or in boats, every cadet gets practical work in manual training, on wood and metal lathes, and he learns how to tie knots and make splices—not only in hemp, but in wire rope. Also, since all the schools take summer cruises, he will stand regular tricks at sea. Engineers stand throttle watches, or stand watches as water tenders or machinists' mates. The deck cadets stand watches as quartermasters and lookouts and deck hands. They take sights of the sun and the stars. They learn to use their sextants.

The cruises are the high point for the average cadet, however. During his two-year term (which is a solid two years, since the schools seldom give any time off except ten days or two weeks around Christmas and a few days in the spring and the national holidays) he takes two cruises. Here is a characteristic cruise of the *Nantucket*:

Boston, Provincetown, Norfolk, Ponta Delgada (Azores), Plymouth (England), Amsterdam (Holland), Copenhagen (Denmark), Gothenburg (Sweden), Hull (England), Cadiz (Spain), Gibraltar, Madeira, New London and then back to Boston. The *Nantucket* left her berth in Charleston yard on May 21st, slipped back again on September 13th. She had gone more than 11,000 miles, most of it under sail, about half of it under sail alone. The same itinerary might be cited as typical either of the *Empire State* or the *Annapolis*. The *California State* cruises in the Pacific—but nobody ought to object to a visit among the South Sea Islands.

These cruises make the cadets entirely familiar with the duties of ship's officers of all degrees. And the trips are educational. It must be rather inspiring, too, to sail under somebody like Legionnaire Norman E. Merrill, the *Nantucket* graduate who is now executive officer of the ship, especially if one sails up the Belgian coast, where Commander Merrill once flew with a British squadron to bomb the German bases. (Continued on page 52)

HEIGHT  
5FT. 8IN.  
WEIGHT  
160 LBS.

NECK  
15 3/4 IN.

CHEST  
49 IN.

WAIST  
31 IN.

THIGH  
22 IN.

CALF  
14 3/4 IN.

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# A Career on the Seven Seas

(Continued from page 51)

It must be inspiring to draw from the wealth of experience of a man like Captain Abele, who was a captain in the Navy before he became superintendent of the school. The boys think so, I know. I've asked them, and they've even volunteered the information.

This attitude is shared by graduates of all the schools. A second mate of my acquaintance, now on a round-the-world liner, was graduated ten years ago from the *Annapolis*. "I always loved the sea," he told me, "but never so much as aboard the *Annapolis*, where the officers almost to a man had just got out of the war and could spin magnificent yarns about how they'd won it. One cruise an engineer officer let out a whoop off Land's End and said, 'Hey! that's where I was torpedoed!' The glamour of the sea got into me then more than ever before."

I talked with a ruddy-cheeked youngster aboard the *Empire State*. His father was a sailor during the war. "Dad tells me the country needs more good merchant-marine officers. I'm just conceited enough to think I can be one. And if the country ever gets into a jam, maybe I can be of some use."

One vacation from high school, this boy had taken a cruise in the Caribbean as a deck hand on a Munson liner. "I decided it would be swell to go to sea as an officer, so here I am. No, I'm not a bit

sorry. We eat well (all cadets will tell you they eat well, although grouching about grub is a prerogative of school and college boys). And they never let us forget that we're in a profession that is as respectable and useful as any on earth. The officers are proud of their profession, and they want us to be proud, too.

"Sure the officers aren't exactly clubby with us cadets; they can't be. We've got a former *Annapolis* fellow aboard and a former West Pointer. They both say this school is run like the service academies. But the officers are human. They may take away your liberty if you get twenty demerits, but sometimes, when you think you're in a real jam, they're a lot of help."

As for the officers themselves—they are A-1, high-grade, dyed-in-the-wool, first-water enthusiasts for the merchant marine. Captain J. H. Tomb, Legionnaire superintendent of the New York Merchant Marine Academy, never stops boosting for a bigger and better school. He is in sight of a high goal, too. The school has just acquired a beautiful site—old Fort Schuyler up Pelham Bay way. There the State of New York one day will build a Merchant Marine Academy with shore equipment comparable to that of the service academies. The course will be extended to three years, to include among other things, cultural subjects. It is hoped to make the school attractive

to boys from all over America—to make it a true national merchant marine academy.

Like the superintendents of the other three schools, Captain Tomb has not forgotten the early days of the World War, when America had to import trained mariners from Europe. He has not forgotten the Spanish-American War, when we had to hire ships from other countries, or buy them, and even then didn't have enough. The devoted faculties of these four schools are turning out competent mates and engineers, bound to be masters and chiefs, port captains and superintendents, presidents of shipping companies and importing companies.

No service to America can be higher. No boy can set out upon a more honorable profession. These school ships, properly encouraged, preferably duplicated in still more maritime States, can help immensely to carry the American flag into every port on earth, to put our shipping back in the relative position it held a century ago, to supply, if the need arises, an auxiliary service without which even a Navy at actual (not political) parity with any on earth would be handicapped, perhaps to the point of destruction. These men and boys in four schools may save our nation yet. They are willing to do their part, if the need ever comes.

## That Next "Last War"

(Continued from page 7)

The first step will be a very little step, and merely a curtain raiser upon the drama that will then unfold. It will be putsch at Memel and indirectly at Lithuania, which forms part of the "secret" deal with Poland, which no longer is a secret to the European powers. This deal, in effect, is that Poland, when Germany is ready, is to cede back the "Corridor" that separates East Prussia—the most famous bone of contention that has resulted from the Treaty of Versailles—in exchange on the part of Germany of considerable that does not belong to Germany and never did belong to Germany, including both Lithuania and the Ukraine. Whether Germany ever will go so far as attempting to carry out her share of the bargain—thus forcing Russia into conflict—is so problematical that Poland still remains the question mark in the next European line-up. However the Reich does intend to possess Memel, also the Corridor, which she feels will fall into her hands with little resistance on the part of Poland, in case the treaty bargain is overlooked. The strength of the Reichswehr

over the army of Poland probably would be overwhelming.

The Memel putsch, while important as a threat to the Eastern powers, is really only destined to keep up the Nazi enthusiasm at home, which will be easy inasmuch as feeling has been kept inflamed against Lithuania as a result of her severe treatment of Nazi agitators. Meanwhile the Reich prepares more important action in the direction of Austria, now occupying the place once held by Turkey as the "sick man of Europe."

The second move will in reality not start as a move at all, so far as Germany outwardly is concerned. The only movement in the matter, according to reports in hand, will be a signal figuratively to set off a firecracker on the steps of Vienna, after which the rulers of the Reich may piously fold their hands and assure both the agitated governments of Czechoslovakia and Italy that they have nothing to do with what is going on in that part of Europe. But also they will inform these governments that after studying the situation, their best advice is for them

also to have nothing to do with it, and let the event take its own course.

The event itself will be the carrying out of a carefully planned Nazi plot to overthrow the existing regime in Austria and bring into operation the *anschluss* or political annexation of Austria to Germany. The opinion is, even in France, that the existing regime will not resist to the extent that much blood will flow. A few shootings, perhaps, just for the looks of it. This part of the plan is known as the "liberation of Austria," and also of Hungary, from the yokes that have bound them since the treaties of 1919. Its aim of course is the re-establishment of Mittel Europa, ruled by Berlin, which will include Bulgaria, and, incidentally, the rich oil field of Rumania, and extend possibly in the imagination of the planners even beyond the Black Sea.

But Berlin has no illusions that with her giving outside advice concerning the revolt in Austria, the trouble will then cease. She realizes fully that both Czechoslovakia and Italy will not accept the situation, at least under their politi-

cal commitments of today, and that in all probability she already will have lighted the torches of war.

Following the expected immediate insinuations that Germany has engineered the Austrian affair, and the dramatic declarations from M. Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, and from Signor Mussolini that something must be done to remedy the situation, Germany will deliver an ultimatum both to Prague and to Rome.

**W**HY she includes Rome is not entirely clear to the military strategists who sit at Paris, in view of Italy's obligations to France and Britain to act as their watch-dog over Austria. Evidently, it is believed, the Germans consider that Italy may then be so deeply involved in her Abyssinian adventure that she cannot put up a real fight against the forces of the Reich, and in any case France and Britain will dawdle along until the German initial success is so assured that she is then ready to tackle more enemies.

However, the war then will be really on—and Germany will be ready. The initial onslaught will be made by air. At this point in their study of the plan, the experts vividly recall the recent declarations of General Goering, chief of German aviation, that “we have and we will maintain an air fleet equal to any that can be constituted by a coalition of neighboring powers.” This almost brings the open admission that Germany already has a real superiority in the air, and causes bitter reflection that inasmuch as Germany had no military aviation when Hitler came into power, she has reached her present level in only slightly more than a year.

At once, according to the plan, following the ultimatums to Rome and to Prague, and perhaps without time for replies from those capitals, Germany will launch the greatest air offensive that the world has ever seen, and in fact has heretofore existed only in imagination.

During the World War a score of airplanes would leave their base for a raid over the enemy lines, or if the planes were German, over the allied capitals. Sometimes they were accompanied by Zeppelins, now discarded as means of offensive operations on account of their vulnerability to attack. If a dozen of these planes reached their objective and dropped their bombs, the raid was considered a success.

In the coming air offensive the raids will not be made by a score of planes but by hundreds, flying at twice or three times the speed of the old days, and literally raining down upon armies and civilian populations their death dealing missiles of both explosives and gas. The thrust through space will be so swift that the aim may be accomplished without enough warning for the opposing powers to put up a fight. As such an offensive is still in the future, near or distant, the effect is incalculable.

The new German plan calls for this raid to be carried out simultaneously against Turin and Milan, inasmuch as the greater part of Italian industry lies in the septentrionale valley of the river Po, and against Skoda, in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, where are located the great cannon factories that operated for the Central Empires during the World War. The Paris gun was a Skoda product.

The plan grows in the imagination of the experts now studying it, for they see with what ingenuity Germany plans for first assault against the most feeble point of any eventual coalition, that is to say, Czechoslovakia. Simultaneously with these air raids a land thrust will be made for the purpose of occupying the capital city, Prague, and at once bringing that nation to terms.

The German staff fully realizes that the geographical position of Czechoslovakia might permit her to form a marvelous base of attack against the Fatherland, lying as she does almost within German territory. Therefore on account of the dislike that has been engendered for years within the Czechoslovakian soul against all that is German it is considered that this little nation must be disposed of quickly. The task is not believed difficult because that same geographical position which under certain circumstances might constitute Czechoslovakia's strength, is also her greatest weakness.

On three sides she is surrounded by German territory, and it takes little imagination to comprehend, considering her army against the magnificent Reichswehr, that not much time would be necessary to thoroughly crush her between the German hammer and the Hungarian anvil. That anvil is entirely an instrument of Germany.

Poland the uncertain again enters the scheme as a possible enemy. However, Germany feels that with her earlier Memel enterprise she will be able to keep Poland quiet either through fright or through promises. Also she believes, inasmuch as Poland's own frontier is so long and difficult to dent, that country would not immediately rush to the aid of anybody.

**C**OMES then the problem of Russia, which also is taken into partial account by the German occupancy of Memel. The only way in which Russia might aid Czechoslovakia would be through Rumania, where, also, political considerations might cause delay, and where in any case the means of transport are too insufficient to permit any great or efficient operations.

It may be considered in some quarters, and particularly by amateurs, that this first stage in the scheme of new Germany for world dominion, may be somewhat imaginary. It may indeed contain errors, of omission, or later of commission, but I am able to state upon excellent authority (Continued on page 54)



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**HEINZ** **57**

# That Next "Last War"

(Continued from page 53)

that the allied Powers, so-called, are sufficiently alarmed because of it to bring about the signature of the recent Franco-Russian accord. Previously it had been predicted that this plan never would take real form, but consigned instead to a scrap heap comprising many other schemes for European peace and security.

The second stage of the German program for the moment leaves Europe cold. The great events now approaching cast shadows over the European horizon only. Therefore the reports from the *deuxieme bureau* concerning this phase are rather meager.

It is considered however within the realm of possibility that victory in the next war might make Germany the uncontested master of Europe. As such

she would constitute a world force equal in population and riches, and superior in experience to the United States. In the hands of Germany all Europe would quickly become a formidable element of industrial production and immediately challenge the markets that the United States might succeed in taking over while the next "last war" was on. And this of course might raise anew the question of another next "last war" still to come.

Wythe Williams has served as war correspondent in three wars—the first Balkan War, the World War, and the campaign against the Riffs in Northern Africa. During the World War, representing the *New York Times* and subsequently *Collier's Weekly*, he was accredited to the permanent Press Mission at French G. H. Q.,

and was eye-witness to every major operation on the Western Front. Following the Armistice he represented the *London Daily Mail* at Berlin. He covered all the conferences of the Supreme Council of the Allies, and afterward was stationed at Geneva with the League of Nations, where he served as President of the International Association of Journalists. During 1925-26 he was correspondent on European politics for the *Saturday Evening Post*. During the first battle of the Marne he acted as a driver for Section Number One of the American Ambulance and served with that unit until given his correspondent's credentials by the French Ministry of War. This service made him eligible to membership in The American Legion, and he is duly proud of the card he holds in Paris Post.

## The Strangest Post in the World

(Continued from page 19)

leprosy where both types are present and this, too, is a dangerous form of the disease.

Despite statements you hear to the contrary leprosy cannot be classed as an incurable disease. About ten percent per year of the patients in Carville are discharged as arrested. But as in the case of tuberculosis just what cures them is not understood.

Strangely enough the one palliative, and believed by some to be a cure, was discovered almost as soon as the disease itself. No one knows just how although Dr. Denney passed on to me the pretty legend which has grown up about it. The tale dates from 1,000 B. C.

According to the folk-tale a Siamese prince became afflicted with leprosy and was cast out into the forest to die. Having nothing to subsist upon but roots, berries and fruit, he happened by accident into a part of the forest where the dried nut of the chaulmoogra bush was plentiful. He ate vast quantities of these nuts over a long period of time. To his own amazement his disease left him and he hastened joyously home to tell of his cure. Since that time chaulmoogra oil has been widely used in the fight against leprosy.

More recently science has refined the oil and discovered its active principle, known as ethyl-esters. In capsules to avoid the unpleasant taste hundreds of drops of this oil are taken daily in Carville. No one, not even the greatest leprologists, agree as to its efficacy.

Many experiments have been made with methylene dyes, preparations from arsenic and mercury and biological prep-

arations such as small-pox and other vaccines. No one can say if they are of value.

Indeed, the final and the most successful method of aiding victims of leprosy has been to treat them precisely as if they had tuberculosis which also has defied attempts to find a specific cure. At Carville the patients are given a special diet to build strength, much rest is prescribed and attempts made to create a mental tranquillity. But it is difficult to be tranquil when you are separated from your relatives, friends and life-time orbit.

And yet, despite the fact that even conservative leprologists such as Dr. Denney classify the disease as "feebly infectious over a long period of intimate contact," victims of leprosy are still isolated. In forty years of Carville there is no known case of the non-leprous personnel contracting the disease. Victims of leprosy have married, had children and neither children nor spouse have contracted the disease. Many States, among them New York, have recognized that leprosy is not as infectious as tuberculosis and have no laws regarding it. Others provide for forcible isolation.

And the Federal laws, while providing only for forcible incarceration under the Quarantine Act, do not permit a patient to leave the confines of Carville save on a brief vacation once a year. For the rest of the time the patients are prisoners.

THIS then is the disease that twenty-three World War veterans contracted, several of them in France. Before telling you about them and the Legion's work, let me give you some idea of how the Legion found them.

So great was the fear of leprosy that the leprosarium in Carville had to be founded by trickery. The idea of a State asylum for leprosy victims started in New Orleans in 1804. But the moment the conception was made public the buildings for the hospital were burned to the ground. Louisiana then decided upon Carville as a site, but this time informed the nearby inhabitants that they were starting a farm to breed ostriches. When the truth came out some time later there were complaints and threats. But as no one contracted the disease this prejudice gradually died away, particularly after the U. S. Public Health Service took over the institution in 1921. Yet there are still no close residents, and Carville is merely a name—there is no town.

Inside a twelve-foot wire fence are a group of rather shabby one-story wooden cottages built in the form of a horseshoe around a compound and connected with each other and the other buildings by screened-in runways. These are very old, subject to fire, and far from cheerful. A total of 352 patients live in these cottages, divided into groups of twelve. The patients receive food, bed, and medical attention, but no money. Those who come from poor families can be said to be penniless year in and year out. Those able to do a little work within the reservation pick up tobacco money. The others merely look at the flat scenery with nothing ahead of them but an endless succession of sameness.

Here are men, veterans who had served their country, forced by the age-old fear of leprosy to change their names. Entering this hospital they could not leave, and

if they did "go over the hill" and were caught, they were placed in a jail on the reservation. Here were World War veterans cut off from the world, living under an assumed name as if they were criminals—or dead. They were truly the forgotten men.

I shall never forget my first visit to Carville. It came about when I was told of the veterans there who needed aid. This was a plain Legion duty, and B. L. Spann of Baton Rouge, who has for five years unselfishly given hours of his time to these men, arranged for me to make a personal inspection. I ran into a strange archaic ruling at once.

After you get inside the fence and past the administration buildings you come upon a narrow stone walk lined by hedges which bisects the ground south of the old wooden cottages in the horseshoe. This walk is the "dead-line" beyond which no patient may go. I have often wondered why.

The men were standing quietly at this dead-line waiting for me. They did not offer to shake hands. Their faces did not smile; it was as if they had forgotten how. They showed only a patient submissiveness as if nothing could be done for them.

I confess that until that moment I had felt fear; I was a victim of all the untrue pictures handed down through the centuries. The palms of my hands sweat; my heart pounded and my mind was confused almost with panic. But the moment I gazed upon them their fear fled and a great pity succeeded it.

I found them men of good minds, many well-educated; yet mentally all hay-wire because they were convinced they were pariahs. They were outcasts, they believed, as their treatment evidenced, from the rest of mankind. They were morbid, discouraged, inwardly sick.

One chap said, "Mr. Jones, we're on the bottom. You won't find anybody lower than we are."

Certainly they had been neglected by the Government. Nearly all of the twenty-three were entitled to service-connection for their disability; but they had received nothing. There were no rulings on leprosy. "No one knew the exact period of incubation of the disease. I talked with them a long time, listened to the out-pouring of hopeless hearts, realized how desperately they needed a helping hand.

That night I wrote to Watson B. Miller, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, and told him here was a task that only the Legion could perform. He went to work at once.

We were not idle in Louisiana. It struck me that if we could make these fellows believe they belonged to society we could lift that terrible mental cloud. Yet how to do it? The relatives of many of them would not even come to see them. These relatives treated them as if they were dead. No outsider ever came into the leprosarium, except a physician or

those curious about leprosy. They saw the few guards, they saw the Sisters of Charity who cared for them. That was all.

My first thought was of entertainment. Break down this sameness, this belief that the doors to Carville were the doors to living death. The Public Health Service furnished movies, but these were phantom figures; a few patients had radios but these were disembodied voices. These people had to see human beings from the world outside their enclosure to break down in their minds the thought that they were pariahs.

We brought entertainment; we held boxing bouts. Not many, of course, but as often as we could. The effect on morale was tremendous. We proved after all that they did belong. During the time he was district commander, Spann had the idea of forming a Marine post. The charter for U. S. Marine Hospital Post 188 was issued and Spann himself installed it.

The strangest post in the world? Yes, in several ways. As Leonce Legendre, field secretary for the Rehabilitation Committee's southern area, once said, it is a post that is always in session. Its members meet every day; a quorum can always be had. No one is going anywhere.

It is a hard-working post, performing in its little world all the services that the greater Legion performs in the nation. It never sends delegates to state or national conventions; yet it carries on a work of which I am proud. It organizes sport among its own members and other patients. Volley ball, golf, baseball, tennis. Isolated though it is, it has sponsored a baseball team in the junior baseball league. It sponsors entertainment for the other hospital patients.

The post assists in making out petitions for presentation to the medical officer in charge concerning matters within the colony that they believe should be rectified. It is concerned with child welfare.

Yet I believe the greatest gift of the Legion to these veterans is the joy of knowing that they belong; that they have comradeship, have an organization to which they can appeal. Before, they were forgotten, had no court of appeal, no one to whom to look for justice.

Before me as I write is a legislative agenda which the post recently drew up. It is the cry of men who want to be treated as human beings. Of men who want their wives and families, who want adequate stopping places for their relatives when such relatives come to visit them. Of men who want, at the moment, longer periods of vacation from the leprosarium, and eventually the chance to live among their own people. They say they would stay willingly in Carville for the medical treatment if they could only know this was not a prison but a place they could leave when they wished to. The agenda went to the Legion's Rehabilitation Committee in Washington.

"The Legion is our only hope," one patient told me. (Continued on page 56)



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# The Strangest Post in the World

(Continued from page 55)

In the meantime, Watson Miller had worked earnestly to bring aid to the veterans. For years Carville had got along without adequate hospital facilities. The Legion effort resulted in a new infirmary, fully equipped for surgical and X-ray work. At present we are attempting to obtain appropriations for new recreational facilities and fire-proof housing.

Eighteen of the veterans were finally established as having service-connection. Some of the ratings were too low and since the only real method of combatting leprosy is mental tranquillity, worry over financial conditions made it necessary finally to get permanent total ratings.

This has been done for those hospitalized, but the present rulings that cases of arrested leprosy shall draw reduced or no compensation at all are manifestly unjust. It is hardly likely that any employer, no matter how kindly disposed, would employ a man or woman whom he knew to be an arrested leprosy case. The ancient prejudice keeps every arrested case permanent and total so far as employability is concerned. So the effort is being made to rate the arrested case permanent and total whether hospitalized or not. The Veterans Administration has also been approached to lengthen the period of incubation from seven to thirteen years.

Nor have the Legionnaire patients alone benefited from the Legion's interest. In 1931, a National Leprosy Committee was authorized by the National Commander, composed of such great leprologists as Dr. George W. McCoy and Dr. Roy D. Adams; and Watson Miller and P. L. Forbes of New Orleans. This committee investigated Carville and its recommendations have been or will be carried out. The committee still functions whenever problems of Carville arise. Their recommendations are going a long way toward breaking down the fear and prejudice that have hurt victims of leprosy.

Even new methods of treating leprosy have developed as a consequence of the

Legion's interest. Well, one anyway, which I shall cite. Recently physicians discovered the therapeutic value of treating certain diseases by artificially created fever, the fever heat killing germs whose thermal death point is within a reasonable temperature. Three machines to create electrical fever were put in a New Orleans hospital, and through Watson Miller arrangements were made that one should be set aside for treatment of leprosy patients.

There is a little story connected with this. My last visit to Carville occurred on a Sunday preceding the day when four victims of leprosy were to be taken to New Orleans for the test fever treatment. Two of the patients selected were in such condition that they had no hope of recovery. For them to undergo the electrically-induced fever was merely a last desperate clutch at hope. The third was one whose chances might be said to be fair. The fourth, the Legionnaire, was in excellent physical shape, and he had better than an even chance of arrestment; an assurance of some years of life.

HE SAT there in the row of wooden chairs fronting the rostrum of the Legion post meeting hall. I stood on the rostrum between the national and Legion colors and looked at him. He knew and I knew that on the morrow when he submitted to the artificial fever of better than a hundred degrees he might be quickly ending his life. No one, not even the greatest physicians, had any idea of the result of such treatment. He was gambling his life.

He caught my eye and smiled. Maybe he read my thoughts. All he said was: "Somebody's got to take a chance if we're to find the answer to this thing."

You can salute a brave man without gunfire. He went down the next day to New Orleans and bet his life for the 352 leprosy patients in Carville, for the 1,200 who roam the streets of America to-day. Some one told me later he said by the machine, "If the Legion gets you an opportunity, you should take it."

It was just a statement of gratitude,

but always at Carville I find gratitude to the Legion. Gratitude to make your eyes shine. It was as if they had lived in a cave without light and we had carved open a door.

One man told me, "Mr. Jones, we can't do anything for the Legion except say thanks. It's not much of a word, but all it means, all it can ever mean, we mean when we say thanks."

There is another story of courage that points this gratitude better than words. The man went under the name of Smith which is not his right name. And he was in pitiful condition. He was blind; repeated operations had maimed him. But he never uttered a discouraging word. Every time I saw him he would say, "Getting along swell, Mr. Jones. Thanks to the Legion, people outside are beginning to hear about us."

But he was not getting along swell and the time came when he knew the end was not far off. He called in Spann and had a will drawn leaving his estate of a few thousand dollars to the Child Welfare Fund of the Legion.

"It's small enough compared to what they've done for us," he said.

On a morning when his disease lay heavily upon him he called the Legion post members together. He distributed what money he had for them to buy tobacco for the blind patients. He gave away a few personally prized possessions. He said, "So long, fellows. I won't be seeing you again."

An hour later he died.

That's the story of the Legion's adventure in humanity. Perhaps it is a small adventure for the Legion, not a great national activity; but nonetheless I rank Carville as among our finest jobs. And if you were in Carville on the first Monday of each month when the post commander raps his gavel and says, "Advance the colors," and could see the colors trooped forward with every man standing at attention, saluting, shining eyes on the blue and gold, you'd say it was a fine job, too, of living up to the Preamble to our Constitution.

THE American Legion Monthly has been receiving many requests for reproductions of its cover paintings in a form suitable for framing. Arrangements have been made to supply them. You may obtain a reproduction of the cover



appearing on this issue by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Cover Print Department, The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana. The print is in full color and of the same size as the cover design, but is without lettering.

# Faster Yet, Farther Still

(Continued from page 29)

could come back to learn of them. Our British cousins smile tolerantly at this attitude of ours toward an existing record. They are content to win a given race or field event, but the Yanks are continually trying to smash par to smithereens. And by jove, they do it!

Of the twenty events on the last Olympic Games calendar (I exclude the Marathon run because of the difficulty of establishing a standard with the event being held over different terrain every four years), Americans hold clear title to fourteen records that presumably represent the human being's utmost in speed, strength and skill. In two additional races, the 100 meters dash and the 800 meters run, Americans hold joint title with athletes of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Only in the long distance runs and in the javelin, discus and running hop, step and jump is America outclassed. And here the tale is but partly told, for in the yard distances from the hundred to the mile the Stars and Stripes goes to the top of the tree. Despite the fact that the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States in 1933 adopted the metric system for its games the historic yard dashes and runs are still used more widely than their metric equivalents, in this country. In the Big Ten meet at which Jesse Owens performed so startlingly the yard was the standard, and the same measure obtained in the National Collegiate A. A. games. Until every race in the United States from the schoolboys' up is contested on a metric basis we shall be at a disadvantage so far as records in running events are concerned.

FOR years thirteen feet was the pole vaulters' dream of the seventh heaven of bliss. Finally, on June 1, 1912, Bob Gardner of Yale, later to become renowned as the amateur golf champion of the United States, vaulted thirteen feet, one inch. A week later Marc Wright of Dartmouth sailed over at thirteen feet, 2½ inches. Twenty-three years to the day after Gardner's history making vault his nephew, Keith Brown of Yale, established the latest pole vault standard of fourteen feet, 5½ inches. Earlier this year Bill Graber, formerly of the University of Southern California, did fourteen feet, 5½ inches, but it was found on re-checking the height that the take-off was a couple of inches higher than the ground on which the standards rested, so that it was under Graber's own world mark of that time, 14 feet, 4½ inches. Fourteen feet isn't tough any more, it seems, for this spring, in addition to Graber and Brown, six Americans have got over that height or better.

The fifteen-foot pole vault, the seven-foot high jump, and the four-minute mile

run seem like wild flights of fancy to us today, but it is probably safer to bet that two of the three will be accomplished in the next ten years than to wager that they won't be. The world does move and the track idols of yesterday are forgotten in the miracle of ever mightier deeds.

Consider the mile run. In 1926 Paavo Nurmi's 4:10.4 mark, made in 1923, was apparently safe, for it took more than two full seconds off a record that had existed for eight years. That eight-year mark was only three-twentieths of a second faster than the previously existing record that had stood for twenty-nine years. But on at least three occasions outdoors and twice indoors since then Nurmi's mark has been beaten, and the world record now is only six and seventenths seconds above that four-minute mile which we all hope sometime to see.

If I seem to labor the point that mental attitude is the biggest factor in the establishment of new records it is only because men who have spent their lives training athletes for track competition invariably put it first among the things necessary to a record-shattering performance. As we knew it half a generation ago, in track as in war morale is everything. And when the athletes of an entire nation get permeated with the idea that track and field marks are not something they are trying to approach but to surpass, that nation, given better than average material, will be right up at the top in the fight for supremacy. So deeply imbued is the American public with the idea that records are there to be broken that when a program of five events involving record holders and their rivals was run off at Princeton, New Jersey, last June some 40,000 people paid their way into the show. Alas, no records were broken that time.

It is pat to the matter of mental attitude which I have been discussing that since 1926 more changes have taken place in the shot put record (Rose's 1909 mark was broken in 1928 by John Kuck of the United States) than in any other of the standard events of the track and field calendar. Not less than six times have men come along to push the iron ball out to a new distance. The mile mark has been shattered four times if we count Bonthron's 4:08.9 when he chased Lovelock across the mark at Princeton in 1933, and that leaves out Cunningham's indoor mark of 4:08.4 and Venzke's indoor 4:10. The pole vault record has in these eight years crashed five times. All the others except Ryan's hammer throw mark have been exceeded at least once.

Here in brief summary are the standard events records as of 1926 and June, 1935, with the present titleholder's name:

100 yards. (Continued on page 58)

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# Faster Yet, Farther Still

(Continued from page 57)

9.6 seconds to 9.4. Frank Wykoff and \*Jesse Owens, both United States.

100 meters. 10.4 seconds to 10.3. Percy Williams, Canada, and Eddie Tolan and Ralph Metcalfe, United States.

220 yards. 20.6 to 20.3. \*Jesse Owens, United States.

200 meters. 20.9 to 20.6. Roland Locke and Ralph Metcalfe, United States.

440 yards. 47.4 to 46.4. Ben Eastman, United States.

400 meters. 47.6 to 46.2. William Carr, United States.

880 yards. 1:51.6 to 1:49.8. Ben Eastman, United States.

800 meters. 1:51.9 to 1:49.8. Thomas Hampson, Great Britain, and Ben Eastman, United States.

1 mile run. 4:10.4 to 4:06.7. Glenn Cunningham, United States.

1500 meters. 3:52.6 to 3:48.8. William R. Bonthron, United States.

Two miles. 9:09.6 to 8:59.6. Paavo Nurmi, Finland.

5000 meters. 14:28.2 to 14:17. Lauri Lehtinen, Finland.

120 yards hurdles. 14.4 to 14.2. Percy Beard, United States.

110 meters hurdles. 14.8 to 14.2. Percy Beard, United States.

220 yards hurdles. 23. to 22.6. \*Jesse Owens, United States.

400 meters hurdles. 54. to 50.6. Glen Hardin, United States.

High jump. 6 ft. 8¾ in. to 6 ft. 9½ in. Walter Marty, United States.

Broad jump. 25 ft. 10½ in. to 26 ft. 8¾ in. \*Jesse Owens, United States.

Shot put. 51 ft. to 57 ft. 1 in. Jack Torrance, United States.

Discus throw. 158 ft. 1¾ in. to 171 ft. 11¾ in. Harald Andersson, Sweden.

Hammer throw. 189 ft. 6½ in. Unchanged. P. J. Ryan, United States.

Javelin throw. 218 ft. 6¼ in. to 249 ft. 8 in. Matti Jarvinen, Finland.

Pole vault. 13 ft. 11¾ in. to 14 ft. 5½ in. \*Keith Brown, United States.

\*Made this year and therefore not yet accepted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

# Forever North, Forever South

(Continued from page 22)

history a failure. But one thing that he did was a startling success. He attacked Battery Number Five with a reinforced skirmish line, and Captain Sturdivant, seeing no solid assault columns to shoot at, did not shoot and was overwhelmed by the horde of scattered assailants who had offered him no target. In other words, Smith, seeking an answer to intensity of fire, had ingeniously improvised an open order form of attack not different in principle from the wave formations in which the battle fronts of the First American Army in France, twenty and thirty miles long, jumped off against the German machine gun nests at Saint Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne. That single fact is sufficient to fix thoughtful attention upon the old battery, reposing now so peacefully beside the buzzing traffic that ever circulates between Petersburg and its manufacturing bailiwick of Hopewell.

Little more than a quarter of a mile south of Battery Number Five stands an abrupt spur of the ridge beyond which is outspread a wide panorama over the wooded hills to the southwest, north down the Appomattox, and westward up the river valley to the spires and higher buildings of Petersburg. On the level surface of this spur, fringed with wild plum and persimmon bushes, is nothing now save a tangle of weeds. But it is just outside the limits of the Military Park, and it may have a future more befitting its eventful past. This is the site of the Friend house of Civil War days, though the locality is still known to old Petersburgers by its earlier names, Whitehall or Whitehill. Whitehall it was probably called by its founder, said to have been Colonel Robert Mumford, when he built it, early in the eighteenth

century, as the seat of a colonial plantation which spread over many broad acres around it.

On the day following the capture of Battery Number Five, General Grant and an imposing group of corps and division commanders and staff officers stood before the Friend house, gazing hopefully toward Petersburg and examining through their glasses the Confederate positions beyond Harrison Creek, wreathed in powder smoke shot through by the lurid flashes of cannon. Behind Grant and his officers serried batteries of Federal artillery waited grimly on the lawns of the old mansion, and along the terraced hill slope at their feet crouched lines of blue infantry. The soldiers gazing up, curious and speculative, at the silent, plainly dressed man clinching a cigar between his teeth, who had led them thus far from the Rapidan, leaving a broad trail of blood behind but never rereating a single step.

Around the Friend house on that June day of 1864 were doubtless more guns and more soldiers than had ever assembled there before. But otherwise the scene could not have differed greatly, save in types of uniforms and weapons in evidence, from one enacted eighty-three years earlier around the same mansion, then called Whitehill. It was then that a British army, marching, like Grant's, up dusty roads from the James River, arrived during the hot noon hour of April 25th at the inviting grounds of Whitehill, overlooking the valley of the Appomattox. There were over 3,000 troops, British and German, and they were led by that General William Phillips whom Thomas Jefferson called "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth." Phillips' second in

command was America's pet traitor, Benedict Arnold.

While their skirmishers bickered with the outposts of the little force of five or six hundred Virginia militia under General Steuben in the valley of Harrison Creek, as did those of the Federals with Beauregard's handful in 1864, the troops broke ranks to rest and eat on the lawns of Whitehill, and Phillips and Arnold regaled themselves in the mansion. Later they moved on and Phillips, wiser than "Baldy" Smith, sent a detachment on a wide turning movement south of Blandford. This column flanked Steuben, compelling him to retreat across the Appomattox, and the British were in possession of Petersburg that night.

The martial associations of Whitehill did not cease even after the Civil War. In 1917 Camp Lee was established on the eastern outskirts of Petersburg for the training of troops for the war with Germany. Dismantled after 1918, the site of this camp, from which the 80th Division departed for France, is still government property and a part of it forms the nucleus of the National Military Park. For a while the Whitehill mansion was the headquarters of the Camp Lee Motor Transport Corps. Then some brilliant intellect clothed with brief authority conceived the idea that the Kaiser could never be conquered until this storied house was torn down, perhaps in order that its cellar might be utilized as a dumping place for old gasoline cans. If so, his conception was a failure, for the cellar hole is not half filled with cans, even yet. Pending its complete submergence, historically-minded people continue to hope that some day Whitehill may be restored, at least in semblance, as the most fitting and convenient site

for the headquarters of the Military Park.

Mantled in gentle undulations of forest foliage, for two miles and more southward from Whitehill roll the heights whose crests carry the line of original Confederate entrenchments. The works were captured, piecemeal, by Grant's forces in a succession of sharp conflicts during the first three days of battle in June, 1864. Two miles southwest lies "The Crater," Petersburg's most famous scene of carnage, where on July 30th of that year the courage of the Union colored troops proved unavailing against the impetuous counter-charge of Mahone's Virginians.

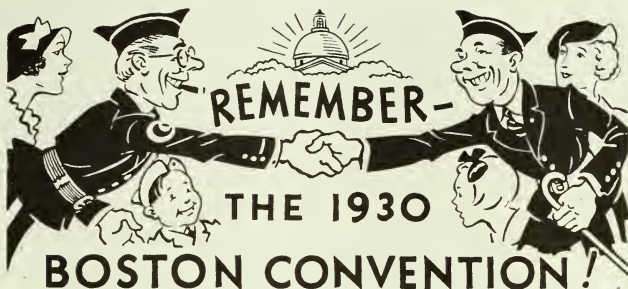
In this area most of the entrenchments, eloquent of a thousand deeds of valor and sacrifice to those who know the epic of Petersburg, are now stabilized beneath the close-clipped turf of the park, while winding roads and pathways conduct the visitor to the places in the great V territory southwest of Petersburg where between midsummer of 1864 and the following spring a whole series of battles was fought, each involving more combatants than actually took part in the first Bull Run, Fort Donelson, or Pea Ridge.

But thanks to the fact that during the Civil War men usually sought cover by piling up dirt rather than by burrowing into it, much of the record of such conflicts is still plainly written on the ground.

One of the largest, most symmetrical, and best preserved of the enclosed works around Petersburg is the Federal Fort Fisher, about midway between the city and Heth's dam, and four miles distant from either. It formed part of an entrenched camp at Peebles' Farm which was for long the main strong point of the Federal left flank between the Weldon Railroad and Hatcher's Run. The fort is a four-bastion work of strong profile, containing enormous interior traverses. Until the last days of the war it was never seriously engaged.

On March 25, 1865, by way of riposte for General Gordon's unsuccessful assault on Fort Stedman, two brigades of the Federal Sixth Corps, General Wright, attacked and carried the hostile rifle-pits on both sides of the Church Road, in front of Fort Fisher.

Sheridan having broken through the Confederate defenses at Five Forks on April 1, during the following night General Grant ordered a general assault along the Petersburg lines. Before daylight Wright's corps formed for attack in front of Fort Fisher. Thanks to possession of the Confederate outpost line the divisions were able to assemble behind it, instead of a half-mile farther back; a fact which probably rendered possible a victory instead of a repulse. As the 14,000 troops started forward in the intense darkness which precedes dawn, there was no noise, only "the sound of a deep, distant rustling," (Continued on page 60)



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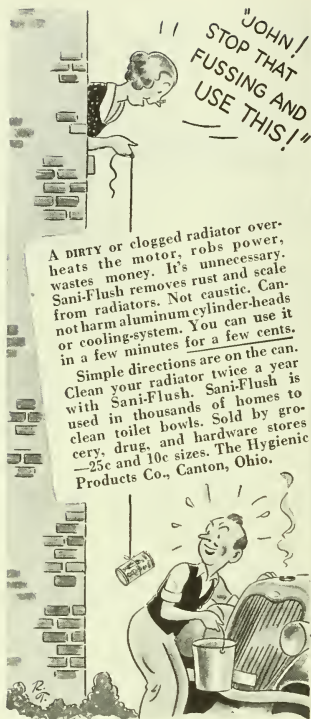
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## Forever North, Forever South

(Continued from page 59)

like a strong breeze blowing through a forest," wrote a participant afterward.

They had advanced about two hundred yards, continued this chronicler, "when the oppressive stillness was broken by a scattering volley, followed instantly by heavy, rolling musketry fire, which crackled and sparkled all along the enemy's entrenchments, and the roar of his artillery, opening with shell, shrapnel, and canister. The troops responded with one full, deep, mighty cheer, and rushed forward. All orderly formation lost, the main mass rapidly advances, the artillery fire falling mostly behind it. The men tear away or scramble through the abatis and stakes, swarm over the ditch and parapet, and leaping down among the startled defenders force them to instant surrender or flight, and turn the captured guns upon the flying foe just as the dawn begins to break and the first faint eastern light reveals the full measure of their victory. The troops, "rushing on from crest to crest, firing on the fugitives," were finally halted and reformed on and across the Boynton Plank Road, over a mile beyond the captured works.

The Boynton Plank Road is now U. S. Highway No. 1, and from it may be seen in the distance surviving portions of the long line of earthworks taken in that day-break assault of the long ago. Considerable sections of these defenses have been destroyed by excavations for the Petersburg Belt Line, and the Seaboard Air Line, which cross them at one point. Near by, a roadside marker indicates the spot, in an adjacent field, where General A. P. Hill, the brilliant commander of Lee's Third Corps, was killed by Union soldiers as he was riding toward the Confederate works, unaware that they had just been captured.

Southeast from Fort Fisher, near the center of the former Federal entrenched camp, is the site of the famous Peebles' Farm Signal Tower, tallest of the structures built at intervals along the lines of the Army of the Potomac for purposes of observation and signaling. One hundred and forty-five feet in height, its upper platform commanded a view over a vast circuit of the surrounding country. It

was constructed of wood and when its foundations rotted away so that it toppled over a few years after the war, the owner of the farm, having lost his house during the conflict, built a new one from the fallen timbers. The present house, still belonging to the Peebles family, stands on the exact site of the tower.

Away down the Vaughan Road, below the Poplar Grove National Cemetery, directly beneath one of the most symmetrically perfect holly trees, certainly, in Dinwiddie County, a lane forks off and runs to a neat little farm house among trees, a quarter of a mile back from the road. The owner, who speaks with a soft drawl, like a Virginian, and who, in spite of his antecedents, is a Virginian, will take you, if you wish, across a field and into some woods where you can see, on opposite sides of a creek bed, the bold earthen abutments remaining from a bridge that once carried General Grant's military railroad on toward the rear of the Federal works along Hatcher's Run. He will tell you that he is sorry you didn't come two or three years ago because his uncle, then still living, had often, as a small boy, ridden up and down the military railroad with the Union soldiers who were camped thereabout. One of these soldiers used to go over to the home of the boy and visit the latter's sister, and after the war he came back and married her, and settled down on the very farm where you are standing. This soft-spoken Virginian is the son of the Southern girl and the Yankee soldier, and on the way back to the house he will take you by the little family burial lot and show you the graves of his mother and father, the latter marked by a Government headstone inscribed to "Frank G. Birdsall, Co. A, 6th New York Artillery."

The photograph of the Cobb's Hill signal tower is by the L. C. Handy Studios from the famous Brady Collection, while the views of the military park are from the National Park Service. The present-day photograph of the site of the Cobb's Hill signal tower was taken by Mr. Harson.

## Few Dollars, Many Bricks

(Continued from page 33)

the question propounded by the school head.

"I love to study," Mr. Smith had said. "Now tell me the function of the infinitive to study."

"It modifies the verb 'love,'" the man said.

"Mr. Smith turned to Pershing. He

remembered the air of determination and confidence with which Pershing answered.

"The infinitive is the object of the verb," Pershing replied correctly.

"War is a lottery, and no less a lottery is all life. The answer to a simple question proved to be a ticket to a lifetime military career and fame."

## Camp Perry Rifle Matches

LEGION rifles will crack again at Camp Perry, Ohio, this fall as merrily as ever. Congress has come across with the needed funds for the National Rifle Association matches, after several years of withholding them, and the matches will be held September 1st to 10th. American Legion teams and Legionnaires will be on hand to win a good share of the prizes, as usual. Big event for the Legion will be the Interdepartment Team Match with four-men teams from twenty States or more shooting for the General Milton Foreman Trophy, and the Legion's National Rifle Team will compete with 100 of the best teams in the country. National Headquarters in Indianapolis will send on request Marksmanship bulletin No. 3, Series 6, giving all the facts.

## Little World Series

GASTONIA, North Carolina, will hold the center of the 1935 stage in American Legion junior baseball. The Little World Series will be played in Gastonia August 27th to 31st. Twice in recent years has the city had the All-Eastern Sectional Tournament and eight times it has had regional tournaments. The two teams that will play at Gastonia in August will be the winners of the All-Eastern Sectional Tournament at Charlotte, North Carolina, August 22d to 24th and the All-Western Sectional Tournament at Stockton, California, August 20th

to 22d. Last year's junior world series was played at Chicago. In it Cumberland, Maryland, won the championship from New Orleans, Louisiana, in three hard-fought games. The success of the 1935 American Legion junior baseball season has been made possible by a contribution of \$20,000 by the major leagues of organized baseball.

## Roll Call

JOHN BLACK, who wrote "I'll Soon Be Forty-one," is a member of Joyce Kilmer Post of Brooklyn, New York . . . Willard Cooper belongs to General Charles Devens Post of Worcester, Massachusetts and Karl Detzer to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Wythe Williams is of Paris Post . . . Robert U. Patterson, late Surgeon General of the United States Army, is of Augustus P. Gardner Post of Washington, D. C. . . Sam H. Jones is Past Commander of the Louisiana Department and a member of Lake Charles Post . . . Joseph Mills Hanson belongs to Roy Anderson Post of Yankton, South Dakota . . . Fairfax Downey is a member of Second Division Post of New York City . . . Alexander Gardiner belongs to George Alfred Smith Post of Fairfield, Connecticut . . . Among the artists, William Heaslip belongs to 107th Infantry Post of New York City, J. W. Schlaikjer to Winner (South Dakota) Post and Herb Roth to Larchmont (New York) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON

## The Known Soldier

(Continued from page 27)

soldier who had left the air field on the day of the crime. Examining those prints, the Coast Guard identity chief spotted a former guardsman who by that time had been out of the service for a year. The chief had an address, however, and he quickly forwarded it to the authorities. That was enough, and the murderer was run down in a New Jersey town, where he had married happily, won a good reputation and was living peacefully across the street from the chief of police. The prisoner's clear record subsequent to the crime saved him from death and he was sentenced to imprisonment. Fingerprints are Old Man Nemesis himself. Dillinger tried in vain to disguise his with acid burns.

The Coast Guard has 70,000 fingerprints on file, the Marine Corps, 235,000; the Navy about two million; the Army five and one-half million. Lack of appropriations has prevented the Army from classifying more than two million—prints of the National Army World War contingent remaining unclassified. Without such scientific sorting, a job for technical experts, prints can be filed only under the name of their maker, and the rapid

and efficient consultation provided by the Henry System is impossible. The layman can gain some idea of the labor of classification from these facts. All fingerprint impressions are divided into the following types of patterns: Loops, twinned loops, central pocket loops, lateral pattern loops, arches, tented arches, whorls, and accidentals. Each fingerprint then is classified in a fixed group according to characteristics of its pattern area, by count of its individual ridges, and other means. Then the ten fingers are considered as a unit. To the layman, all this sounds like a tough task, yet it is accomplished readily after a course of study, and the system is eminently workable.

Lacking complete classification of its records, the Army is able to satisfy only twenty-five percent of the requests submitted for the identification of unknown dead.

In contrast is the splendid fingerprint equipment of the Division of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice. Here is room after room filled with steel files (the Army's are wooden) and (Continued on page 62)

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# The Known Soldier

(Continued from page 61)

busy personnel. Prints are classified and cross-indexed even to the extent of nicknames. Prints roll in at the rate of 2,800 daily. When files are under search, an uncannily ingenious machine sorts cards, by means of punch holes denoting print characteristics, at the rate of 350 a minute. A fingerprint exchange which covers the nation and fifty-nine foreign countries operates with excellent results. If all foreign relationships involved as cordial collaboration as does this exchange and the postal system, we probably should never have another war.

This Justice Department collection, now comprising some five million sets of prints, has played a considerable part in the division's highly successful drive against crime under the able direction of J. Edgar Hoover.

Augmenting but entirely separate from the criminal files (not even checked against them, in fact), is the new Civil Identification Section where all citizens who wish to may record their fingerprints for possible future reference. Numbers from all walks of life already have done so, since prints may be most

useful in disputes involving identification, amnesia, kidnappings, and so on.

The Division of Investigation and other agencies appreciatively consult the collections of our armed forces. Whenever an unidentified man is of an age to have served in the World War, his fingerprints automatically are checked against the Service files.

So Uncle Sam is to be congratulated for having shoved us toward the ink-pad, and World War veterans for having left, if not footprints on the sands of time, at least fingerprints on the paper-work.

## Hostess to the Signal Corps

(Continued from page 37)

340TH A. F., 80TH DIV., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion and banquet. Daniel Bartlett, 300 Olive st., St. Louis.

315TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion. H. C. Billingsley, Prairie du Rocher, Ill.

313TH F. S. BN.—Proposed reunion headquarters at national convention. Chas. L. Jones, M. D., Gilmore City, Iowa.

12TH ENGRS.—Home-coming reunion. John J. Barada, secy., 514 Holy Hills av., St. Louis.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Convention reunion. Carroll E. Scott, 34 College av., Medford, Mass., for particulars and copy regimental directory and the Vets.

1ST ENGRS. L. R. SOC.—15th annual reunion. F. G. Webster, secy-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—National reunion. Benny H. Benson, secy., 518 N. Cuyler av., Oak Park, Ill.

20TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Write Capt. John Frichard, 4903 Delmar bldg., St. Louis.

31ST HY. ENGRS.—7th annual reunion. E. E. Love, secy-treas., 10412 1st st., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

60TH HY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—4th annual reunion. L. H. Ford, 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

314TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

312TH ENGRS., Co. A, 87TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Chas. R. Fiedler, Charlevoix, Pa.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. ASSOC. A. E. F. VETS.—Annual convention. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adgt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Soranton, Pa.

1ST SEP. BATT., Co. C, A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion banquet and reorganization of men who served in Camps Mally and Hausmann.

William S. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

MYRON TRANS. Co. 725—Proposed reunion, Sept. 23. Carl R. Haupt, 5801 Pershing av., St. Louis.

N. H. TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Clark Hudson, natl. comdr., 100 N. Broadway bldg., St. Louis.

52d TEL. BS., Co. D., S. C.—Reunion. Jas. H. Wye, 1622 Tennessee av., St. Louis.

416TH R. R. TEL. BS.—Proposed reunion. Lloyd W. Miles, Room 303, LaSalle St. Station, Chicago.

W. Walter G. Stansel, Room 900, Central Station, Chicago.

419TH TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. H. T. Maddox, secy., 984 High st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

3d CORPS ART. PARK, Co. D.—Proposed reunion. L. G. Carpenter, 908 W. 3d st., Waterloo, Iowa.

7TH SUP. TRN., Co. A.—Reunion. Fred J. Reed, Aircabld, Ohio.

Q. M. DET., ISSOUCEN FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Write to Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Neward, Mass.

M. T. Co. 405, and 20TH DIV. SUP. TRN., Co. 4.—Reunion Sept. 23. James O. Billings, 1220 W. 5th av., Gary, Ind.

MED. DET., 306TH AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Dr. R. E. Owens, 205 University Club bldg., St. Louis.

M. T. Co. 405, and 20TH DIV. SUP. TRN., Co. 4.—Reunion. Chas. C. Auten, 2320 Cooper st., St. Louis.

50TH AERO SQDN.—Proposed reunion. Send address to Louis A. Booker, 1630 S. Spring st., St. Louis.

80TH AERO SQDN.—Proposed reunion. Report to Robert L. Clappell, Louisiana, Mo.

154TH AERO SQDN.—Vets. interested in reunion, report to Rolle P. Kennard, P. O. Box 445, Kionta, Ga.

SQDN. D., SCOTT FIELD, ILL., and A. G. S. DET., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Proposed reunion. J. E. Jennings, 1208 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.

POST FIELD SQDN. D. F. SILL, OKLA.—Proposed reunion. Dr. C. P. Seudder, 403 Peoples Bank bldg., Washington, D. C.

802d AERO REPAIR SQDN., ISSOUCEN—Proposed reunion. Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME, ENG.—Officers and men interested in convention reunion, report to David O. Gran, 2224 Kimball av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORBISI, ITALY—Proposed convention reunion. Roy L. Anderson, 527 S. Wells st., Chicago, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Headquarters in Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis. Resing, comdr. offer, 233 S. Milwaukee st., Wichita, Kans., or Carl D. McCarthy, personnel offer, Kempton, Ind.

NAVAL BATT., CAMPEL, WALES—Reunion of all sailors and marines on this station. Dr. Roy D. Gullett, ex-bufler, Base 29, Booneville, Miss.

U. S. S. Broadwing and ANATIA STA.—Proposed reunion of former shipmates. Herman Haver Hutt, 315 Virginia av., Jeffersonville, Ind.

U. S. S. D. D. D.—Reunion. Jack Goldberg, secy., 111 Ellington st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. J. J. Luckenbach—Reunion of ex-members of Armed Guard and crew. J. L. Denton, Pineville, Ill.

U. S. S. North Carolina—Proposed reunion. U. S. S. No. Carolina Assoc., 223 Citizens bldg., Louisville, Ky.

U. S. S. St. Louis—Proposed reunion and banquet. Robert S. Kelly, chief yeoman, U. S. N., Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

U. S. S. West Pool and Artemus—Reunion. Frank Noelle, 655 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. S. Williams—Proposed reunion. Walter G. Peterson, 1070-3rd st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRISONERS OF WAR AT CASSEL, GERMANY—Proposed reunion banquet. Paul Miller, Star City, Ark.

BASE HOSP. 136, A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Elmer V. McCarthy, M.D., secy., 108 N. State st., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP., 34TH DIV., CAMP COY. N. M.—Vets. interested in reunion, notify Jack Dunn, 230 N. 2d st., Springfield, Ill.

JEFFERSON BARBERS Post Hop. Assoc.—Seventh annual reunion during Legion national convention. Roy M. Speier, secy., 3861 Shaw av., St. Louis.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. FIFTY-TWO, LE MANS, FRANCE—Reunion. Report to Albert Almond, chmn., 333 Holden ave., St. W. West End, Atlanta, Ga.

AMB. Co. 348—Proposed reunion. Dr. James A. Slack, ex-comdr., Friars Point, Miss.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 3—Reunion. Banquet Sept. 24th, after parade. A. R. Linberg, 308 N. Commercial st., St. Louis.

MO. CHAPTER, DISABLED EMERGENCY OFFICERS—Invite all disabled emergency officers to attend meeting at headquarters, 3917 Lindell bldg., St. Louis, Sat., Sept. 21st, at 10 a.m., to discuss legislative matters. For information, write to J. J. Helthaus, adjt., 6187 Natural Bridge Road, St. Louis.

CHRISTIAN ORPHAN HOME, ST. LOUIS—Reunion dinner for all World War veterans (and their families) who were formerly in the home. Theodore D. Kautz, 4430 Midland av., Detroit, Mich.

A. E. F. UNIVERSITY, BRANES, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Send stamped, addressed envelope to A. P. Lantz, Rantoul, Ill. for details.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

1st Div., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, with N. Y. Legion Dept. Convention. Report to C. J. Quinlan, secy., Rochester Branch, Soc. of 1st Div., 148 Alexander st., Rochester, N. Y.

2d Div., A. E. F.—Reunion with Legion Dept. convention, Winslow, Ariz., Aug. 8-10. G. T. Morgan, Box 1, Winslow.

3TH DIV. ASSOC.—National reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Lloyd A. Hader, 514 Linden av., Elizabeth, N. J.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV. has a number of divisional historical material. J. B. Miller, 273 Hobart st., Perth Amboy, N. J.

6TH DIV., A. E. F., LOS ANGELES SECTOR—Annual reunion banquet, Sat., Aug. 10, at Fresno, Calif. F. C. Wilke, secy., 5172-4th av., Los Angeles.

27TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention, Utica, N. Y., Oct. 10-12.

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Cape May, N. J., July 26-28. H. J. Lepper, natl. secy., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

36TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 27-29. Frank Barr, pres., care of Kansas Gas and Electric Co., Wichita, Kans.

36TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 5-6. P. Wright Armstrong, secy., 715 Fine st., New Orleans, La.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—17th annual convention, Youngstown, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Report to Jim Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

38TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, in conjunction with Legion Dept. convention.

FIRST (LIGHTING) DIV.—Annual reunion at Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 9-11. Report to Richard T. Stanton, billeting offer, 1070 Anderson av., Bronx, New York.

80TH DIV.—National reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 1-4. E. P. Carney, exec. secy., Wheeling.

353d (ALL-KANSAS) INF.—Annual reunion at Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Memorial services and banquet. Special entertainment arranged by bandsmen. Herbert J. Rinkel, M.D., pres., 327 Argyle bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

36TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Broken Bow, Nebr., Sept. 8-9. Walter W. Thornton, pres., and Harry E. Weekly, secy., Broken Bow.

110TH INF., Co. K—Reunion at Waynesburg, Pa., Sept. 7. Ernest O. Clayton, Waynesburg.

10TH INF., Co. L—Reunion, Blairsville, Pa., Sept. 8. West A. Reed, secy., Blairsville.

112TH INF., Co. H—Reunion, Capt. George's Ridge, Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 8. Chas. F. Geary, pres., Ridgway.

137TH INF., Co. K, and 110th Engr. Trn. Co. G—Joint reunion, Independence, Kans., Sept. 29. Earl Bailey and Donald Farlow, care of Court House, Independence.

328TH INF., M. G. Co.—Reunion by Mail. Letters written to Joe M. Carr, Monticello, Ill., will be bound in booklet and sent to men responding.

359TH INF., Co. B—Annual reunion, Basket Point, Secaucus, Tex., Sun., Sept. 8. Fred Hopkins, Jr., Krum, Tex.

50TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 8. L. F. Hart, secy., Monroe.

315TH M. G. BN.—Reunion at Pulaski on the

lake," Erie, Pa., Aug. 4. L. E. Welk, Commerce bldg., Erie, Pa.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Chambers st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

30TH F. A., 7TH Div.—Reunion with Legion Dept. convention, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31. L. Palladino, 128 Wentz Terrace, Syracuse, N. Y.

30TH F. A.—Reunion, Camp Benesio, Florence, (Ill.) Bridge, Aug. 25. E. L. Searcy, 229½ S. 24th, Springfield, Ill.

30TH AMVETS. TRN.—Reunion, Shakamak State Park, 25 miles south of Brazil, Ind., Sept. 1. H. Stearley, 403 N. Mer., Brazil.

13TH F. S. B.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

421ST MOTOR SEP. TRN.—Reunion with Legion Dept. convention, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Aug. 17. A. E. Zoeller, 160 N. Penna. av., Wilkes-Barre.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion during Legion Dept. convention, Lowell, Mass., Aug. 29-31. E. Scott, 54 Colchester, Medford, Mass.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 1. Ill. at Gibbons Hotel, George Hempie, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

107TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. Lincoln, Milwaukee.

113TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Forest Park, Noblesville, Ind., Sept. 2-4. Orlis Kirby, chief of Police, Noblesville, Ind.

10TH F. C. Craig, 3606 Washington bldg., Indianapolis.

30TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion during Legion Dept. convention, Fresno, Calif., Aug. 11. J. A. Buchanan, 414 Central Bank bldg., Oakland.

10TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Harding Hotel, Marion, Ohio, Aug. 10-11. C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.

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K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information from veterans who know of the following cases:

603D ENGR. BAND AND HQ., A. E. F.—Major FRASER, Capt. AUGUDON, M. C., and others who were in Camp Gintony as band music and cooks.

151ST INF. Co. M.—Ex-1st Lt. Hugh E. WOLFE to assist Frank E. LANE.

Brooks Field, Tex.—Capt. James H. Fowler, M. C., at Camp DeWitt fall of 1918, to assist LEONARD.

37TH C. A. C. BTRY. B.—Comrades who served with Edwin A. PAVITT at Camp Eastis or Camp Stuart, Va., in 1918.

23D INF. Co. H. and 5TH M. G. Bn., Co. B.—Pvt. DENARD and PALMER who recall Orville P. SHAW in Germany or Argonne.

352D INF. Co. H.—Veterans who served in France with Gustave A. SOLLONS (deceased), to assist HOWE.

30TH INF. Co. H.—Pvt. Emil COURTNEY (of Cincinnati) who recalls Thomas CLAS as fellow patient in hospital at Sarsburg, Germany (take place of call Field Hosp.); also Mechanic John R. OLSEN (Chicago) and Pvt. Bernard COHEN (N. Y.) who recall CLINE being in hospital; also Charles McLESTER, RIDGE and MAX, and Sgt. Oakley RICE of hospital at Bazelle.

Rice and Cline fell out of line of march early in Dec., 1918, and were taken to hospital at Metz, Verdun and Bazelle.

10TH MOTOR SEP. TRN.—10TH Div.—Former comrades who recall Bert S. VAUGHN having been patient in base hosp. at Ft. Riley, Kas., Sept. Oct. 1918, and his disability after return to duty on convoy service at Camp Funston.

312TH INF. Co. K, 6TH Div.—Comrades who served with Fred J. BERK.

USN INF. BAY, NORFOLK, Va.—Doctors, attendants, yeomen or patients during Jan., Feb., and Mar., 1918, to assist William A. COLMAN. Had been transferred from hosp. at Portsmouth Jan., 1918.

FIELD Hosp. No. 11, also PRESDIO, San Francisco, Ft. LAWTON, Seattle, Wash. State Hosp. Camp Fremont, Calif.—Men who served with Valere DE GRAEVE (native of Belgium) at any of these stations between Oct., 1917, and Mar., 1918.

110TH INF. Co. K, 29TH Div.—Broadus BOWLING and others who remember William L. PERRY, company commander.

10TH M. G. Bn.—1st Lt. Joseph BITTERTHOFF, who recalls Dorsey N. POLKINGHORN being treated for gas Oct. 5, 1918, at battery first aid station.

Pietro, Det., CARLETON FIELD, Arcadia, Fla.—Comrades who recall Ruben SARKISIAN injuring back while moving oil barrel during fire in oil house.

U. S. S. Mobile—Medical officer who treated Lloyd L. SOLE, also Robert Lee and others who recall his illness or when he fell from hammock at Hampton Roadway, True, S. C.

55TH INF. Co. L, 7TH Div.—Comrades who recall Pvt. Noble F. WISE suffering stroke on hike at Camp DeWitt, Tex., about July 16, 1918, and transfer to Cas. Det. No. 12, account foot trouble.

HITES, BTRY, served with 37th Balloon Co., enlisted Yonkers, Ohio, Mar., 1918, discharged Arcadia, Calif., Jan., 1919. Missions leave New Castle for Youngstown, 1921. Wants information.

30TH MOTOR TRUCK Co., CAMP WHEELER, Ga.—LYON, WHITLOCK, John M. LOVELL, R. K. SMITH, Harvey S. LESTER (died at base hosp.) and others who recall eye trouble suffered by Walter D. ("Bad Eye") Cox.

18TH M. G. Bn.—Veterans who were discharged at Camp Dix, N. J., June 20, 1919, and recall soldier knocked unconscious by electric shock from barbed wire fence, while waiting to get drink—to assist John R. SALWANCHIK.

201ST MOTOR TRUCK CORPS—1st Lt. Rice W. WHITE, 17th Ry. Engrs., after reporting to 301st in June, 1918, was seriously injured while assisting build bridge. Served at Bournemouth and Warden, Dorset, Eng. Statements wanted to support claim.

11TH AMVETS. TRN. Co. D.—Comrades, doctors, nurses, etc. who recall Pvt. Milton H. CHARNICK (actg. chaplain of train) having flu at Camp Beauregard, La., Dec., 1917, sent to base hosp.; also Lt. Edw. Robert H. CARTER who issued order to march at clinic. In Sept. or Oct. 1918, on march to Plélan-le-Grand, France, fell unconscious with attack of flu. Treated in halyott by med. officers; later sent to base hosp., Camp Coteauquid. Has serious ear defect.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

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WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

### STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION May 31, 1935

<u>Assets</u>	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$80,052.31
Notes and accounts receivable.....	27,647.36
Inventory of emblem merchandise.....	41,078.23
Invested funds.....	594,625.28
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$610,700.24
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	181,614.19
Improved real estate, Office Building, Wash. D. C.....	131,470.98
Furniture and fixtures less depreciation.....	32,815.66
Deferred charges.....	14,762.76
	<b>\$1,714,767.01</b>

<u>Liabilities</u>	
Current liabilities.....	\$46,147.85
Funds restricted as to use.....	12,060.48
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	181,614.19
Reserve for investment valuation.....	65,082.32
	<b>\$ 304,924.84</b>
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$724,624.28
Unrestricted capital	
Capital surplus.....	\$189,619.97
Investment valuation surplus.....	\$495,617.92
	<b>\$685,237.89</b>
	<b>\$1,410,862.17</b>
	<b>\$1,714,767.01</b>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

# NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

AS THIS was written, at the end of June, Congress was expected to pass before adjournment sometime in July a measure calling for 9,566 modern hospital beds and 2,250 domiciliary beds in Veterans Administration Facilities, a building program that conforms closely with recommendations made by the Miami national convention of The American Legion. Of the hospital beds, 6,835 are for neuropsychiatric cases, 455 for tubercular and 2,276 for general medical and surgical.

The program is the largest and most comprehensive of its kind in the history of World War veterans' legislation. Most of the construction will add to the facilities at existing institutions, located in twenty-nine States. In some cases it will not provide additional beds, but will replace existing beds in obsolete buildings with new beds in modern hospitals. Estimated cost of construction is \$20,000,000.

## SERVICE CONNECTION CASES

THROUGHOUT the country, American Legion service officers have been studying possibilities for reopening old claims as the result of liberalizations in the President's Executive Orders of March 19, 1935. One of the most important effects of the orders was the removal of the Economy Act prohibition against reopening a claim which had been disallowed for lack of service connection. This prohibition applied except in cases where it was shown by the records of the War Department or Navy that the claimant was entitled to direct service connection. Under the new orders a World War veteran is authorized to file a new claim for service connection on the same disability or disabilities even after the original claim has been denied by the rating agencies. Chance for favorable action, of course, is dependent upon new and material evidence. The service officer of his Department will help if needed.

## NATURALIZATION OF VETERANS

CONGRESS in June passed a law providing that an alien veteran living in the United States shall be entitled to naturalization under the same terms which would have been accorded had he petitioned before the Armistice—if his petition is filed before May 25, 1936. The law specifies, however, that he must prove that immediately preceding his application he has resided continuously in the United States for at least two years, that he was legally admitted for permanent residence and that for five years immediately preceding his application he has behaved as a person of good moral character.

The new law also permits naturaliza-

tion of foreign-born residents who lived in the United States prior to the World War and left this country between August, 1914, and April 5, 1917, for the purpose of serving in the army or navy of any of the countries allied with the United States in the World War. The same provisions apply to a foreign-born veteran who left the country after April 5, 1917, to serve in an allied force, after being denied entry into the military or naval forces of the United States.

## TOTAL, PERMANENT DISABILITY

DETERMINATION of total and permanent disability ratings by the Veterans Administration is in many cases affected by a liberalizing instruction of October 16, last year. The strict definition of total disability is: "Any impairment of mind or body which is sufficient to render it impossible for the average person to follow a substantially gainful occupation."

Under the instruction of last October, granting of a permanent total rating was authorized "when a disabled person has, for a period of six months or more, been unable, by reason of impairment of mind or body, to follow a substantially gainful occupation, provided that his physical or mental disabilities are deemed by a rating agency to be sufficiently severe to produce this occupational capacity."

When total disability under this modification of policy is under consideration the veteran will be required to submit a statement, in affidavit form, covering his employment, or unemployment, for a period of at least one year.

Ratings of total and permanent disability will not be reduced by the Veterans Administration arbitrarily. As definite policy, no reduction in the rating of veterans suffering with tuberculosis will be made until the tubercular condition is definitely arrested or at least until any of the marked symptoms have subsided under the ordinary conditions of life. In general, instructions provide that no permanent and total disability rating granted, in the absence of fraud or error, shall be reduced without a physical examination showing material improvement in physical condition.

## WEST POINT APPOINTMENTS

MANY American Legion posts have given assistance to United States Senators and Representatives in the effort to select thoroughly qualified boys for appointments to the United States Military and Naval Academies. Under a law approved by the President on June 7th, enrolment at West Point will be greatly increased. Each Senator and Representative will have three cadets instead of two as heretofore.

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All's Well That Ends Well  
A Midsummer Night's Dream  
Much Ado About Nothing  
Two Gentlemen of Verona  
The Tempest  
Romeo and Juliet  
King John  
King Richard II  
King Henry IV  
King Henry V  
King Henry VI  
King Richard III  
King Henry VIII  
Troilus and Cressida  
Timon of Athens  
As You Like It  
The Winter's Tale  
Taming of the Shrew  
Twelfth Night  
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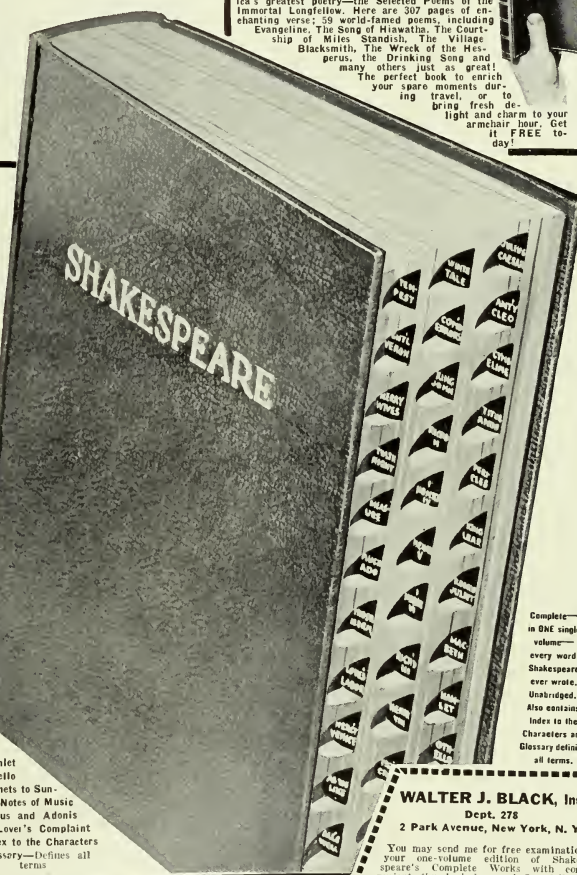
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